Plautus, Titus Maccius
The Mostellaria of Plautus;
ed. by Norwood.

The Mostellaria of Plautus

AN ABRIDGED ACTING EDITION

ARRANGED, TRANSLATED, AND ENACTED BY

The Classical Society of the
Victoria University of Manchester

EDITED BY

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PREFACE..

THIS abridgement of the *Mostellaria* has been made with a view to its performance by members of the Classical Society of this University; it is published with a verse-translation primarily for the use of their audience, and also in the hope that others may find it useful, whether for acting or as an introduction to the writings of a highly-talented and amusing dramatist.

The text is based on the Teubner edition of Goetz and Schoell; much use has also been made of Prof. Sonnenschein's admirable edition. The abridgement has been made by the omission, not (as a rule) of whole scenes,* but of a large number of isolated lines or short passages, many of them apparently valueless. This text, therefore, presents the whole of the plot.

At several points where excisions have been made, and where the text is faulty or incomplete, it has been necessary to alter or supply the Latin. With one exception (see Prof. Conway's note on page 83 of the text) these alterations do no violence to the meaning of the passages in which they occur.

The translation has been written by the following members of the Classical Society: Miss H. L. Chaffers, Miss A. Greenhalgh, Miss S. E. Jackson, B.A., Miss J. Nicholson, Miss E. Watson, Mr. W. T. Parker, my

* The only passages of interest or length which have been omitted are (i.) the short scene—amusing but broadly farcical—between Delphium and Callidamates; (ii.) the soliloquy of Simo, which explains the ill-humour on which Tranio so cleverly trades; (iii.) the soliloquy of Phaniscus and his conversation with Pinacium, a passage which is utterly uninteresting.

colleagues, Mr. A. C. B. Brown, B.A., Mr. W. J. Goodrich, M.A., Mr. J. MacInnes, M.A., and myself. The initials of each translator are appended to his or her section.

The description of the scenery and the costumes in the following *Note* has been written by Mr. J. H. Hopkinson, M.A., to whom the Society is greatly indebted for this and for other most valuable assistance.

To Dr. R. S. Conway, Professor of Latin in this University, my very hearty thanks are due for the unwearied kindness with which, in the midst of most important and varied business, he has found time to give me invaluable help with the text. Practically all the re-writing to which I have referred is his work, and the troublesome matter of scansion he has taken entirely on his own shoulders.

G. NORWOOD.

THE UNIVERSITY, MANCHESTER,
January 31st, 1908.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

The Play.—The *Mostellaria*, written about two hundred years before Christ, is one of the best plays of Plautus, who took as his model a Greek comedy named *Phasma* (*The Ghost*), written probably by Philemon, a celebrated poet of the New Comedy, who flourished in the last decades of the fourth century B.C. The name *Mostellaria* (*A Tale of a Bogey*) is derived from one of the most effective scenes of the play.

The Plot.—Theopropides, an Athenian merchant, is abroad in Egypt. In his absence his son Philolaches, abetted by a clever and knavish slave named Tranio, has given himself up to wild living. His chief escapade is to buy a slave-girl, Philematium, with whom he has fallen in love, and to give her her freedom. For this purpose he has borrowed money from an usurer named Misargyrides.

On the day on which the action opens Philolaches, with Philematium and his friend Callidamates, is sitting at table when Tranio arrives from the harbour to say that he has seen Theopropides coming ashore. Philolaches is panic-stricken, but Tranio undertakes to extricate him. The house is shut up as if deserted, and when Theopropides arrives Tranio tells him that it is haunted and induces him to run away in terror.

Misargyrides enters to demand payment of his interest, and at the same moment Theopropides returns. The slave persuades the old man to settle matters with the money-lender, and, when asked what has been done with the loan, tells his master that Philolaches has bought the house next door in place of the "haunted" one. Theopropides expresses a desire to see over it and Tranio escapes detection by telling

Simo (the neighbour) that his master wishes to build a new wing to his own house. Theopropides, after viewing the house with much satisfaction, sends Tranio to summon Philolaches.

While he is waiting, Theopropides sees two slaves, who have come for Callidamates, knocking at the door of the "haunted" house. He tells them that it is unoccupied, and their incredulous replies fill him with misgivings. He meets Simo and questions him about the supposed purchase of the latter's house, and is soon convinced that he has been tricked. Simo promises to lend him his slaves to catch and chastise Tranio.

The latter returns in time to hear his master giving orders to these slaves, and before Theopropides can stop him takes sanctuary on the altar. Callidamates enters to make Philolaches' peace with Theopropides. He succeeds in this, and with some difficulty the old man consents to forgive Tranio also.

Scene.—The scene is laid in one of the narrow residential streets of Athens. Two houses side by side form the back of the stage. The houses (very small to our eyes) are one storey high with a gable-end to the street. There are no windows, but a double-leaved door gives access to each house. The house of Theopropides is considerably the larger and finer of the two, the door being recessed so as to give a broad shallow vestibule supported by two columns. An altar stands against the front wall. Simo's house is small and mean-looking with the front door opening directly into the street.

Costumes.—Theopropides: A long *chiton* reaching to the ankles; over this a large *himation* carefully draped; sandals and a staff.

Simo: A poor well-worn *himation* badly put on; slippers.

Misargyrides: Dress similar to that of Simo; wallet.

Philolaches: White *chiton* reaching to the knees (with embroidered key-pattern); *chlamys* of bright colour with elaborate brooch; broad felt hat; high leather boots.

Callidamates: Dress similar to that of Philolaches, but (at his first entrance) very untidily worn.

Tranio: a short *chiton* (fastened on the left shoulder with the right shoulder left bare); slippers.

Grumio: A short coarse *chiton*; a rough conical felt hat; sheepskin leggings and brogues.

Phaniscus: Dress similar to that of Tranio.

The other male slaves: Dress similar to that of Tranio, but plainer and coarser.

Philematium: White Doric *chiton*, embroidered; a fine *himation* of soft material; sandals.

Scapha: A long sleeved *chiton* without embroidery, and no *himation;* slippers.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Theopropides (an old Athenian merchant, father of Philolaches) - -	Mr. W. T. Parker.
Simo (an old Athenian, neighbour of Theopropides) - - -	Mr. W. Ormesher.
Misargyrides (a moneylender) - -	Mr. G. Coates.
Philolaches (a young Athenian, lover of Philematium) - -	Mr. L. M'D. Robison.
Callidamates (a young Athenian, friend of Philolaches) - - - -	Mr. C. Thompson.
Tranio (a slave of Theopropides)	Mr. G. H. Hemsley.
Grumio (a slave, bailiff of Theopropides)	Mr. L. Redfern.
Phaniscus } slaves of Callidamates	Mr. F. Sloman.
Pinacium } slaves of Callidamates	Mr. F. C. Singleton.
Two slaves of Simo - - -	Mr. F. H. Craven.
	Mr. R. C. Hart.
Philematium (a slave-girl purchased and freed by Philolaches) - - -	Miss E. Wadsworth.
Scapha (an old slave-woman, attendant on Philematium) - - -	Miss H. L. Chaffers.

Stage-Manager - - Mr. J. MacInnes, M.A.

[*Enter Grumio from the house of Theopropides; he turns and speaks through the door.*]

GR. Come out, you scoundrel, from that kitchen, straight!
Cease prating there among the pots and pans.
Come out, your master's plague! By heaven, you'll smart
Out on the farm for this, if I'm alive.

[*Enter Tranio from the house.*]

TR. Confound you, why stand bawling in the street?
Do you think you're in the country? Off you go
To the farm, and mischief take you! Leave the door!
Here's what you want, perhaps? Take that.
[*Beats him.*
GR. Oh dear!
Why all these blows?
TR. Because you asked for them.
GR. I'll bide my time. Just let the master come
Safe home, whom in his absence you devour!
TR. You clown! Have you no sense? How can you talk
Of eating up a man who isn't here?
GR. You town-bred lounger, darling of the mob,
Do you call *me* a clown? Tranio, methinks
You know you'll soon be slaving in the mill.
Not many months from now, friend Tranio,
You'll swell the fettered gang that tills the fields.
Now, whilst you're free, drink deep and squander all.

Actus I.

Scena I.

[*Iambics.*]

GR. Exi é culina sís foras, mastígia,
Qui mihi ínter patinas éxhibes argútias.
Egrédere, erilis pérmities, ex aédibus.
Ego pól te ruri, sí uiuam, ulciscár probe.
TR. Quid tíbi malum hic ante aédis clamitátiost?
An rúri censes te ésse? abscede ab aédibus.
Abi rús: abi dierécte. abscede ab iánua.
Em: hocíne uolebas? GR. Périi. cur me uérberas?
TR. Quia tu uis. GR. Patiar. síne modo adueniát senex:
Sine módo uenire sáluom, quem absentém comes.
TR. Nec uéri simile lóquere nec uerúm, frutex:
Comésse quemquam ut quísquam absentem póssiet?

GR. Tu urbánus uero scúrra, deliciaé popli,
Rus mĭhi tu obiectas? sáne hoc, credo, Tránio,
Quod te ĭn pistrinum scís actutum trádier.
Cis hércle paucas témpestates, Tránio,
Augébis ruri númerum, genus ferrátile.
Nunc tíbi dum lúbet licétque, pota, pérde rem,

Corrupt that worthy youth, our master's hope.
Drink day and night, carouse like Greeks, buy slaves
And set them free. Feed parasites. Provide
A sumptuous feast. Were these the old man's orders
When he set out abroad? This care for all
His property will please him well, perhaps.
'Tis the duty of a trusted slave, you think,
To ruin thus his master's wealth and son?

TR. Confound you, what are my affairs to you?
Are there no cattle left for you to tend?
My own back answers for my sins, not yours.
Just spare yourself the labour of a speech,
Unless you wish to get a first-rate trouncing.

GR. Do you mean to give me vetches for my oxen?

TR. Silence! and run off home. I want to go
To the quay to get some fish against this evening.
I'll have the vetches sent to you to-morrow
At the farmhouse. Why this staring, gallows-bird?

GR. Perhaps 'twill be your own name bye-and-bye.

TR. I don't mind that if I enjoy to-day.

GR. No doubt. But just mark this. More quick by far
Comes trouble than the good you hope to get.

TR. Don't *you* be a trouble. Now be off; get home.
By Jove, I'll waste no further time on you. [*Exit.*

GR. So he has gone, and takes no heed of me!
Immortal gods, in mercy grant my prayer!
Let my old master come back home at once.
Now to the farm; for yonder can I see
My master's son, a noble youth misled. [*Exit.*

W. T. P.

Corrúmpe erilem spém, adulescentem óptumum:
Diés noctesque bíbite, pergraecámini:
Amícas emite, líberate: páscite
Parasítos: obsonáte pollucíbiliter.
Haecine mandauit tíbi, quom peregre hinc ít, senex?
Hocíne modo hic rem cúratam offendét suam?
Hocíne boni esse offícium serui exístumas,
Vt erí sui corrúmpat et rem et fílium?
TR. Quid tíbi, malum, me aut quíd ego agam curátiost?
An rúri, quaeso, nón sunt quos curés bouis?
Mei térgi facio haec, nón tui, fidúcia.
Orátionis óperam compendí face,
Nisi té mala re mágna mactarí cupis.

GR. Eruóm daturin éstis, bubus quód feram?
TR. Tace átque abi rús: ego íre in Piraeúm uolo
In uésperum paráre piscatúm mihi.
Eruóm tibi áliquis crás faxo ad uillam ádferat.
Quid ést quod tu me núnc optuere, fúrcifer?
GR. Pol tíbi istuc credo nómen actutúm fore.
TR. Dum intérea sic sit, ístuc 'actutum' sino.
GR. Ita ést: sed unum hoc scíto: nimio célerius
Venire quod moléstumst quam íllud quod petas.
TR. Moléstus ne sis: núnciam i, rus te ámoue.
Ne tu hércle praeterhác mihi non faciés moram.
GR. Satin ábiit neque quod díxi flocci exístumat?
Pro di ínmortales, óbsecro uostrám fidem,
Facite húc ut redeat nóster quam primúm senex,
Nunc rús abibo: nam éccum erilem fílium
Videó, corruptum éx adulescente óptumo.

[*Enter Philolaches. He walks moodily about the stage and addresses the audience.*]

I've pondered and pondered
And inwardly wondered,
With lengthy reflections I've puzzled my brain—
If with such I am gifted—
I've searched and I've sifted
The matter all over and over again:
In what fashion a mortal that's born on this earth
May be fitly presented:
To what shall I liken a man from his birth?
Now the pattern I've found
(Ne'er a better invented)
'Tis a house that has newly been raised from the ground.
The proof of it—listen—I'll shortly expound.
'Tis parents build the growing child;
From basement up to topmost roof
They rear the structure firmly piled,
And fain would make it weather proof.
While in the builders' hands I stayed,
A dutiful good child was I;
But when my true bent I displayed,
Straightway I spoiled their industry.
Came sloth, a wasting storm that battered
My head with floods of rain and hail,
Dispelled all shame, all virtues scattered,
And left me roofless to the gale.
That breach to heal I took no care:
Next Love's soft showers began to pour
That trickled through my bosom bare
And drenched my heart unto the core.
Now name and fame, goods, virtue, honour, all
Are fled: behold a worthless wretch forlorn.
How should I mend this tenement outworn?
My soaked beams rot, and soon the house must fall

Scena II.

[*Bacchiacs, cretics, and trochaics.*]

Recórdatus múltum et diú cogitáui
Argúmentaque ín pectus múlta institúi
(Ego átque in meó corde — si ést quod mihí cor —
Eám rem uolútaui et diú disputáui),
  Hominém quoius reí, quando nátust,
Similem ésse arbitrárer simulácrumque habére:
  Id répperí iam exémplum.
Nouárum aedium ésse arbitró similem ego hóminem,
Quandó natus ést: ei rei argúmenta dícam.
  Primúmdum paréntes fabrí liberúm sunt:
  Ei fúndamentúm substruónt liberórum,
  Extóllunt, paránt sedulo ín firmitátem,
  Nám ego ad íllúd frugi úsque ét probús fuí,
  Ín fabrorúm potestáte dum fuí.
  Póstea, quom ínmigraui íngenium in meúm,
  Pérdidi operám fabrorum ílico oppidó.
  Vénit ignáuia: éa mi tempestás fuit,
  Mi aduéntu suó grándinem ímbremque áttulít.
  Haéc uerecúndiam mi ét uirtutís modum
  Déturbauitque detéxitque a me ílico.
  Póstilla optígere ea néglegéns fuí:
Contínuo pro imbre amor aduenit párietesque pérluit.
Is úsque in pectus pérmanauit pérmadefecit cór meum.
  Núnc simul rés, fides, fáma, uirtús, decus
Lubet potare, amáre, scorta dúcere:
Déseruérunt: égo sum in úsum fáctus nímio néquior.
Atque édepol putent úmide haec ita tígna, non uideór mihi
Sarcíre posse aedés meas, quin tótae perpetuaé ruant,

Past all repair, ay, tumble from the height
To its foundation: none can help my plight.
My heart aches, when I think what now
I am, what was in days gone by!
No lustier lad was then, I vow,
The quoit, the spear, the ball to ply,
To ride or run, in every feat.
Ah me! Then life was passing sweet!
Then thrift and hardihood to all I taught;
Then all the best from me their model sought;
Now, thanks to my own wicked ways, a thing of nought. W. J. G.

[*Enter Philematium and Scapha, the latter carrying articles of the toilet, which she arranges on a table.*]

PHILE. Oh, what a lovely bath, Scapha! It's never been so nice
For ages, and I feel *so* fresh!
SC. And hay's gone down in price.
How things do happen!
PHILE. What have hay and prices got to do
With soap and water?
SC. Well, I think, about as much as *you*
Concern yourself with *making* hay in sunshine, silly girl!

[*Enter Philolaches, who hides. During most of this scene his remarks are uttered aside.*]

PHILO. O Queen of love! This is the storm that's put me in a whirl!
My modesty, that was my roof, is shattered by the gale;
Upon my undefended breast the showers of passion hail.
No mending now! The walls decay; the house is toppling down.

Cum fúndamento périerint, nec quísquam esse auxilió
queat.
Cór dolet, quóm scio ut núnc sum atque út fui:
Quó neque indústrior dé iuuentúte erat
Árte gymnástica dísco, hastis, pilá
Cúrsu, armis, equó. uíctitabám uolúp.
Pársimonia ét durítia díscipulínae aliís eram:
Óptumí quique éxpetébant á me dóctrinám sibi.
Núnc, postquám nilí sum, id uéro meópte ingénio répperi.

Scena III.

[*Iambic tetrameter catalectic.*]

PHILE. Iam prídem ecastor frígida non láui magis
lubénter,
Nec quóm me melius, méa Scapha, rear ésse deficátam.
SC. Euéntus rebus ómnibus, uelut hórno messis mágna,
Fuit. PHILE. Quíd ea messis áttinet ad meám laua-
tiónem?
SC. Niló plus quam lauátio tua ad méssim. PHILO.
Oh Vénus uenústa,
Haec íllast tempestás meá, mihi quaé modestiam ómnem
Detéxit tectus quá fui, quom míhi Amor et Cupido
In péctus perpluít meum: neque iam úmquam optígere
póssum.
Mádent iam in córde párietés: periére haec óppido aédis.

PHILE. Do look, Scapha, and tell me how you like me in this gown.
I long to charm my Philolaches, the master I adore.

SC. Your pretty ways have greater charms than all you ever wore.
A lover never looks at clothes; the face is all they view.

PHILO. A pretty wit, upon my soul! She knows a thing or two.
The ways and thoughts of lovers are to her an open book.

PHILE. See here!

SC. Well?

PHILE. Just examine me and tell me how I look.

SC. You've such a pretty face that nothing *can* look wrong on you!

PHILO. For that compliment, good creature, something handsome is your due.
You shan't give praise to her I love without a recompense.

PHILE. No flattery, I beg you!

SC. You have very little sense.
Do you prefer abusive lies to praises that are true?
Well, *I'd* much rather people lied and made a great to-do
About my charms, than told the truth and said I was a fright.

PHILE. But *I* hate lies and want the truth; the truth is my delight.

SC. Well, I can't make you out! You've wit; you're very wide-awake,
And yet you play the fool like this!

PHILE. Please show me my mistake.

PHILE. Contémpla, amabo, méa Scaphá, satin haéc me uestis déceat.
Volo mé placere Phílolachí, meo océllo, meó patróno.

SC. Quid tú te exornas, móribus lepidís quom lépida túte's?
Non uéstem amatorés amant muliéris, sed uestis fátum.

PHILO. Ita mé di amént, lepidást Scaphá: sapít scelesta múltum.
Vt lépide omnes morés tenet senténtiasque amántum.

PHILE. Quid núnc? SC. Quid est? PHILE. Quin me áspice et contémpla, ut haec me déceat.

SC. Virtúte formae id éuenit, te ut déceat quicquid hábeas.

PHILO. Ob hóc uerbum ergo té, Scaphá, donábo hodie égomet áliqui,
Neque pátiar te istanc grátiis laudásse, quae placét mi.

PHILE. Nolo égo te adséntarí mihí. SC. Nimis túquidem stúlta's múlier.
Eho, máuis uítuperáriér falsó quam uéro extólli?
Equidém pol uel falsó tamen laudári multo málo,
Quam uéro culpari aút meám speciem álios ínridére.

PHILE. Ego uérum amo: uerúm uolo dicí mihi: méndacem ódi.

SC. Equidém pol miror tám catam, tam scitam te ét bene dóctam
Nunc stúltam stulte fácere. PHILE. Quín mone quaéso siquid érro.

SC. Mistake? Why, this. You fix your love on Philolaches alone;
When other men come wooing you your heart is like a stone.
Until you've got a husband, miss, keep *two* strings to your bow.

PHILO. Ye gods! I harbour in my house my own most deadly foe!
May heaven destroy me utterly,—yes, may I die accurst,
If I don't slay that wretched hag with famine, cold, and thirst!

PHILE. Oh, Scapha, don't instruct me ill.

SC. Why, sure you must be blind,
If you suppose that he'll be true and never change his mind.
I warn you now—he'll give you up; with time his love will fade.

PHILE. I hope not.

SC. You'll be undeceived, for hope's a lying jade.
Well, listen! If my kindly words of warning aren't believed,
Let facts convince you. Hear my tale, and how I was deceived.
I once was wooed as you are now, and loved but one man's name;
Yet soon he had deserted me. Your fate will be the same.

PHILO. Vile temptress! I can't hold myself! I'll tear her limb from limb!

PHILE. My lover freed me with his gold, and I belong to him.
His love alone I must accept and so his kindness meet.

PHILO. Immortal gods! A charming girl! How modest and discreet!
I've acted wisely; I rejoice I'm ruined for her sake.

SC. Tu ecástor erras, quaé quidem íllum expéctes unum atque ílli
Morém praecípue síc geras atque álios aspernére.
Matrónae, non puéllarumst unum ínseruire amántem.

PHILO. Pro Iúppiter, nam quód malum uorsátur meaé domi íllud?
Di deaéque omnes me péssumis exémplis interfíciant,
Nisi ego íllam anum ínterfécero sití fameque atque álgu.

PHILE. Nolo égo mihî male té, Scaphá, praecípere. SC. Stulta's pláne,
Quae illúm tibi aeternúm putés fore amícum et béne-uoléntem.
Moneo égo te: te ílle déserét aetáte et sátietáte.

PHILE. Non spéro. SC. Inspérata áccidúnt magis saépe quam quae spéres.
Postrémo, si dictís nequis perdúci ut uera haec crédas
Mea dícta, ex factis nósce rem: uide quaé sim, et quaé fui ánte.
Nilo égo minus quam nunc tu amáta uní modo géssi mórem,
Qui pósteá me déseruít: tibi idém futurum crédo.

PHILO. Vix cómprimor, quin ínuolem illi in óculos stímulatríci.

PHILE. Solam ílle me solí sibí suo súmptu líberáuit:
Illí me soli cénseo ésse opórtere opsequéntem.

PHILO. Pro di ímmortales, múlierem lepidam ét pudico ingénio.
Bene hércle factum, et gaúdeo mihi níl esse húius cáusa.

SC. My word! You're stupid.

PHILE. How is that?

SC. Why all this trouble take
To keep his love?

PHILE. Why should I not?

SC. You're now no more a slave.
You've got what you desired; and, now, however you behave,
Unless he loves you still, he's thrown his money in the street.

PHILO. I wish I were a quinsy, and I'd fly at that old cheat.
I'd seize her throat and choke her! Temptress! Vile pernicious jade!

PHILE. No! Now the freedom's won I sought, the boon for which I prayed,
I ought to strive to please him still, and charm him as before.

SC. If you know you'll never come to want, that he'll your charms adore
For ever, constancy itself, and be your slave for life,
I praise your mind; love him alone, and be a model wife.
You won't have much to marry on. Here night and day they stuff
And drink, with ne'er a thought of thrift. They've never had enough!

PHILO. Retrenchment shall commence with *you*. From thrift no more I'll shrink.
For this next week you've nought to eat and not a drop to drink!

PHILE. You horrid thing! I'll have you whipped unless you cease to sneer.
Please hold your tongue until you wish to praise and not to jeer.

SC. Inscíta ecastor tú quidem es. PHILE. Quaprópter?
SC. Quae ístuc cúres,
Vt te ílle amet. PHILE. Cur óbsecro non cúrem?
SC. Liberá's iam:
Tu iám quod quaerebás habes: ille té nisi amábit últro,
Id pró capíte tuo quód dedít perdíderit tantum argénti.
PHILO. In ánginam égo nunc mé uelim uorti, út ue-
néficae ílli
Faucés prehendam atque énicem sceléstam stímulatrícem.
PHILE. Eundem ánimum opórtet núnc mihi ésse, orá-
tum ut inpetráui,
Atque ólim príusquam id éxtudi, quom illí subblandiébar.
SC. Si tíbi sat acceptúmst, foré tibi uíctum sémpitérnum
Atque íllum amatorém tibí propriúm futurum in uíta,
Solí gerundum cénseo morem ét capiúndas crines.
Iam istáquidem absúmpta rés erít: dies nóctesque éstur,
bíbitur,
Neque quísquam parsimóniam adhibét: sagina plánest.
PHILO. In te hércle certumst príncipe út sim párcus
experíri:
Nam néque edes quícquam néque bibes apud me hís de-
cem diébus.
PHILE. Siquíd tu in illum béne uolés loqui, íd loqui
licébit:
Nec récte si illi díxeris, iam ecástor uapulábis.

PHILO. Why, had I offered up my gold to Jupiter above,
A worse investment 'twould have been than freeing her I love!
'Tis clear she's heart and soul my own. I'm wiser than I thought.
It seems I've bought a barrister to plead my case in court!

SC. I see you think your Philólaches the only man on earth;
And as I don't like whippings, let's agree about his worth.

PHILE. Scapha, wake up! The hand-glass, quick! And pass the jewel-case.

SC. What need? The mirror knows, like you, that you've a lovely face.

PHILE. The powder, please.

SC. And what's *that* for?

PHILE. My cheeks are just too pink.

SC. You might as well clean ivory by rubbing it with ink!

PHILO. How witty! Ivory and ink! Well done, Scapha! Hurrah!

PHILE. Well, pass the rouge.

SC. I won't! so there! You're charming as you are.
Your picture's Nature's masterpiece; why daub it o'er with streaks
Of paint yourself? No stuff from pots should touch those youthful cheeks.
Throw rouge and powder in the street. They never will be missed.

PHILE. Here, take the glass.

PHILO. She'll break my heart! The looking-glass she's kissed!
I wish there were some stones about! That mirror's head I'd break.

PHILO. Eu édepol sí summo Ioui éo argénto sácruficássem
Pro illíus cápite quód dedi, numquam aéque id béne locássem.
Videás eam medúllitus me amáre : o próbus homó sum :
Quae pró me causam díceret, patrónum liberáui.

SC. Videó te nili pénderé prae Phílolache omnis hómines :
Nunc, ne éius causa uápulem, tibi pótius adsentábor.

PHILE. Cédo mihi spéculum et cum órnamentis árculam áctutúm, Scapha.

SC. Quíd opust spéculo tíbi, quae tute spéculo spéculum es máxumum ?

PHILE. Cédo cerússam. SC. Quíd cerússa opust nám ?
PHILE. Qui málas óblinam.

SC. Úna operá ebur átramento cándefacere póstules.

PHILO. Lépide dictum de átramento atque ébure.
eugaé, plaudó Scaphae.

PHILE. Túm tu igitúr cedo púrpurissum. SC. Nón do : scita's tú quidem.
Nóua pictura intérpolare uís opús lepidíssumum ?
Nón istanc aetátem oportet pígmentum ullum attíngere,
Néque cerússam néque Melínum néque aliam úllam offúciam.

PHILE. Cápe igitúr speculum. PHILO. Eí mihi mísero : sáuium speculó dedit.
Nímis uelim lapidém, qui ego ílli spéculo dimminuám caput.

PHILE. Well, scent then? You'll allow me that?
SC. Another bad mistake!
PHILE. Why so?
SC. A lady's scented best when there's no scent at all.
PHILO. What vast experience of life! But this begins to pall.
[*Coming forward.*] What do you here?
PHILE. Adorn myself to please you.
PHILO. There's no need;
You always do. [*To Scapha.*] Remove these things and go inside with speed. [*Exit Scapha.*
My Philematium, I've come to sit with you and dine.
PHILE. With all my heart, my dearest love! Your will is ever mine.
PHILO. It's worth a hundred pounds, those words "my dearest love" to hear!
Accounts between us balance well, for neither's in arrear.
I have your heart and you have mine; we both the bargain praise.
May those whom our delight makes glad be happy all their days,
But be their lot unenvied, who on us with envy gaze!

[*Enter Callidamates, tipsy. He is followed by a slave, to whom he gives orders.*]

CA. I am going my friend Philolaches to see.
You're to fetch me, understand, at half-past three.
At the house where I've been drinking it was slow,
And the guests all duffers; so I thought I'd go.
Now I'm off to see my chum and taste his wine.
Is there anyone at home? [*Exit slave.*
PHILO. Why yes!
CA. That's fine!
You're the best of friends on earth, old man, I swear!
PHILO. Callidamates, you're a brick. Come, take a chair.

PHILE. Étiamne unguentís unguendam cénses? SC. Mínume féceris.
PHILE. Quápropter? SC. Quia ecástor múlier récte olét, ubi níl olet.
PHILO. V́t perdocte cúncta callet: séd ego nímis diu áfui.
Quíd hic uos ágitis? PHILE. Tíbi me exórno ut pláceam. PHILO. Órnatá'ssatis.
Ábi tu hinc íntro atque órnamenta haec aúfer. séd, uoluptás mea,
Méa Philématiúm, cenare técum conlubitúmst mihi.
PHILE. Ét edepól mihi técum: nam quod tíbi lubet, idem míhi lubet,
Méa uolúptas. PHILO. Ém istuc uérbum uílest uigintí minis.
Béne igitúr ratio áccepti atque expénsi inter nos cónuenit:
Tú me amás, ego té amo: mérito id fíeri utérque exístumat.
Haéc qui gaúdent, gaúdeánt perpétuo suó sempér bono.
Qui inuident, néumquam eorum quisquam inuideat commodis.

Actus II.

Scena I.

[*Bacchiacs, cretics, and trochaics.*]

CAL. Aduórsum ueníri mihi ád Philolachétem
Voló temperi: aúdi: em, tibí imperátumst.
Nám illi ubi fui índe ego éffugio forás:
Ita mé male conuíui sermónisque taésumst.
Núnc comisatum íbo ad Phílolachém meum.
Ecquis híc ést? PHILO. Adést. CAL. Eú, Philólachés.
Sálue, amícissume mí ómnium hóminúm.
PHILO. Dí te amént. áccuba, Cállidámatés.

[*They sit and drink. Enter Tranio in the greatest excitement and terror. He turns to the audience.*]

TR. We are in for it now! Here's no end of a row, and it's all of it Jupiter's doing.
He's been using his wits, as in heaven he sits, and a fine lot of trouble he's brewing!
My young master and I must to hope say good-bye, for Fortune is fleeting and fickle.
I'm upset and unnerved, for we can't be preserved, though it's true we are both in a pickle.
For I've been on the quay, and what should I see but a portent of perilous power?
Theopropides has come over the seas! He'll be here in another half-hour!!
Is there anyone here whose heart it would cheer in my cash-box his hands to be dipping?
He shall pocket a fee to impersonate me, and submit to the torture and whipping.
Where on earth are those chaps who've been reared upon slaps and have worn their chains thinner and thinner,
Or those warriors bold who will storm a stronghold for a shilling a day and their dinner?
There's a mountain of cash for the first who will dash to the cross, and his courage exhibit;
And I'll pay with a will, if he'll call with his bill when he's nailed trim and tight on the gibbet.

G. N.

[*Pulling himself together and approaching the drinking-party.*] But am I not beside myself, or I'd run right off home now?

PHILO. The food is coming! Look, I say, there's Tranio back from the harbour.

TR. Philolaches!

PH. What is it?

TR. You and I—

PH. Well, what's the matter
With you and me?

TR. Iúppiter suprémus summis ópibus atque indústriis
Mé perisse et Phílolachétem cúpit erílem fílium.
Óccidit spes nóstra: nusquam stábulumst confidéntiae.
Néc Salus nobís saluti iam ésse, sí cupiát, potest:
Íta malí maeróris montem máxumum ad portúm modo
Cónspicátus sum. érus aduenit péregre: périit Tránio.
Écquis homost, qui fácere argenti cúpiat aliquantúm lucri,
Quí hodie sémet éxcruciári meám uicem possít pati?
Ýbi sunt ísti plágipátidae férritribaces uiri
Vél isti, qui hósticás trium númmum caúsa subeunt súb falas,
Égo dabo eí taléntum, primus qui ín crucem éxcucúrrerit:
Ýbi id erít factum, á me argéntum pétito praesentárium.
Séd ego súmne infélix, qui non cúrro curriculó domum?

Scena II.

[*Trochaics.*]

PHILO. Númc adest opsónium: éccum Tránio a portú redit.
TR. Philolaches. PHILO. Quid ést? TR. Et ego ét tu — PHILO. Quíd et ego ét tu?

TR. We're lost!
PH. Why so?
TR. Because your father's coming!
PH. What's this I hear?
TR. We're done for, sure. Your father's come, I tell you.
PH. Where is he? Speak!
TR. He's on the wharf.
PH. Who says so? Who has seen him?
TR. Myself, I say, with my own eyes.
PH. Alas! And where am *I* now?
TR. Confound it, what a thing to ask! You're sitting at a table.
PH. Yourself you saw him?
TR. Yes, I say.
PH. You're sure?
TR. Yes, sure and certain.
PH. I'm hopeless—if you tell the truth.
TR. What profit would it bring me,
If I told lies?
PH. What *shall* I do?
TR. Bid all these things be shifted.
Who's sleeping there?
PH. Oh, Callidamates. Tranio, wake the fellow.
TR. Come, Callidamates, stir yourself!
CA. I'm stirring. Pass the bottle.
TR. Wake up! Philolaches has heard his father's safely landed.
CA. Bad luck to him!
PH. Bad luck or good, I know I'm fairly ruined!
CA. You're squarely ruined? How is that?
PH. Oh, *do* get up! My father
Is coming home!
CA. Your father here? Well, tell him to go back, then.
What business had he to come here?

TR. périimus.

PHILO. Quíd ita? TR. Páter adést. PHILO. Quid ego éx te aúdio? TR. Ábsumptí sumus:

Páter, inquam, tuos uénit. PHILO. Vbi is est, óbsecro? TR. Ád nauále adest.

PHILO. Quís id ait? quis uídit? TR. Egomet, ínquam, uidi. PHILO. Vaé mihi.

Quíd ego agó nam? TR. Quíd tu malúm me rógitas quid agas? áccubas.

PHILO. Tútin uidisti? TR. Égomet, ínquam. PHILO. Cérte? TR. Certe, inquam. PHILO. Óccidi,

Sí tu uera mémoras. TR. Quíd mihi sít boni, si méntiar?

PHILO. Quíd ego nunc faciám? TR. Iube haéc hinc ómnia ámolírier.

Quís istic dórmit? PHILO. Cállidamates. súscita istum, Tránio.

TR. Cállidamates, Cállidamates, uígila. CAL. Vígilo: cédo ut bibam.

TR. Vígila: pater aduénit peregre Phílolachaé. CAL. Valeát pater.

PHILO. Válet illéquidem atque égo dispérii. CAL. Bís peristi? quí potest?

PHILO. Quaéso edepól, exsúrge: páter aduénit. CAL. Tuos uenít pater?

Iúbe abire rúrsum: quíd illi réditió etiam húc fuit?

PH. Oh dear! What *can* I do now?
My father soon will come and find his son the worse for liquor.

TR. Why, look! He's dropped his head again! He's fast asleep—just shake him.

PH. *Will* you wake up? My father comes! He'll catch us.

CA. Eh? Your father?
Pass me my slippers! Let me arm! I'll make short work of father!

PH. You'll ruin me. Do hold your tongue.

TR. Just bundle him indoors. Quick!

PH. I'm lost!

TR. Cheer up! I know a dodge to cure you of your terror.
Are you content if, when he comes, I so mislead your father
That he'll not only stay outside, but fly the place *instanter*?
Just go within, the lot of you, and take your baggage with you.

PH. And where's *my* post?

TR. Where most you wish. By the side of yonder lady.
You shall drink inside not a drop the less as far's this reason matters.

PH. Oh dear! For I am mad with fear how these fair words will turn out!

TR. Now can you be of quiet mind and do as I am telling?

PH. I can.

TR. Then pay attention to the orders that I give you.
And first of all see that the house at once is closely fastened.
Take care that no one makes a noise inside the house.

PH. We'll do it.

PHILO. Quíd ego agám? pater híc me offendet míserum adueniens ébrium.

TR. Écce autem étiam hic déposíuit cáput et dórmit; súscita.

PHILO. Étiam uígilas? páter inquam áderit iam híc meus. CAL. Áin tu? pater?

Cédo soleás mihi, ut árma cápiam: iám pol ego occidám patrem.

PHILO. Pérdis rem: tace amábo. TR. Abrípite hunc íntro actútum intér manus.

PHILO. Périi. TR. Hábe bonum ánimum: ego ístum lépide médicabó metum.

Sátin habés, si ego áduenientem íta patrem faciám tuom
Nón modo ne íntro eát, uerum étiam ut fúgiat longe ab aédibus?

Vós modo hínc abíte intro átque haec hínc propere ámolímini.

PHILO. Vbi ego eró? TR. Vbi máxume ésse uís: cum istác puella eris.

Nám potáte hau tántillo íntus hác quidem causá minus.

PHILO. Eí mihi, ístaec blánda dicta quo éueniant madeó metu.

TR. Pótin ut ánimo sís quiéto et fácias quód iubeó? PHILO. Potest.

TR. Ánimum aduórte núnciám tu, quaé uolo accurárier.

Omnium primúmdum aédes iám fac occlusaé sient.

Íntus caué muttíre quemquam síueris. PHILO. Curábitur.

TR. As if no human being lived within.

PH ~~TR.~~ I understand you.

TR. Let no one answer when the doors are pounded by your father.

PH. Well, Tranio, I hand myself and hopes into your keeping.

TR. It matters not a straw if man or master be the better. J.McI.

[*The table, dishes, etc., are carried within. Exeunt all but Tranio. The door is shut. Enter from the harbour Theopropides, followed by two slaves.*]

TH. I thank thee, Neptune, for such bounteous grace
As brings me home again, though nearly dead.
I'll tempt thy wave no more, upon my life;
Or if such folly take my later years,
I give you leave to carry out your threats.
Avaunt, I say, avaunt! From this day forth
I deal with thee no more.

TR. [*Aside.*] Neptune, thou'rt mad
To throw away a splendid chance like this!

TH. [*Turning to the house.*] What's this? My door shut fast in broad midday!
I'll knock. Within there! Quick!

TR. What man so bold
As dare come near our house?

TH. What, Tranio?

TR. Oh, sir, I'm glad to see you back again.
All safe and sound, I hope?

TH. Quite safe, my lad.

TR. The gods be praised!

TH. But you, you can't be sane?

TR. Pray why?

TH. Just this. You roam about the streets,
And not a single soul of you keeps house,
While I might bring the doors down with my blows.

TR. Támquam si intus nátus nemo in aédibús habitét.
PHILO. Licet.
TR. Neú quisquam respónset, quando hasce aédis pultabít senex.
Tránio.
PHILO. Ín tuam custodélam meque et meás spes trado,
TR. Plúma haud interést, patronus án cliéns probior siet.

Scena III.

[*Iambics.*]

TH. Habeó, Neptune, grátiam magnám tibi,
Quom méd amisisti ábs te uix uiuóm domum.
Verúm si posthac mé pedem latúm modo
Scies ínposisse in úndam, hau causast, ílico
Quod núnc uoluisti fácere quin faciás mihi.
Apage, ápage te á me núnciam post húnc diem.
Quod créditurus tíbi fui, omne crédidi.
TR. Edepól, Neptune, péccauisti lárgiter,
Qui occásionem hanc ámisisti tám bonam.
TH. Sed quíd hoc? occlusa iánuast intérdius.
Pultábo. heus, ecquis híc est? aperitín foris?
TR. Quis homóst qui nostras aédes accessít prope?
TH. Meus séruos hícquidemst Tránio. TR. O Theópropides,
Ere, sálue: saluom te áduenisse gaúdeo.
Vsquín ualuisti? TH. Vsque, út uides. TR. Factum óptume.
TH. Quid uós, insanin éstis? TR. Quidum? TH. Síc: quia
Foris ámbulatis: nátus nemo in aédibus
Seruát, neque qui reclúdat néque respóndeat.
Pultándo paene cónfregi hasce ambás foris.

TR. What? No! You surely didn't touch the door?
TH. Why not? I've well-nigh shattered them with knocking.
TR. You did not knock?
TH. I knocked and battered them.
TR. Woe's me!
TH. What's this?
TR. Ah, lamentable act!
TH. But what's the matter?
TR. Language can't express
The blackness of your crime!
TH. Why, what d'you mean?
TR. Run quickly: leave the house. Here, sharp! Come on!
You touched the doors?
TH. How else was I to knock?
TR. You've done for—
TH. Whom?
TR. Yourself and all of us!
TH. May all the gods confound you and your croaking!
TR. I fear no prayer can cleanse us from the stain.
TH. Why so? Explain the marvel that you speak.
TR. I say, tell yonder fellows to fall back.
TH. [*To the slaves*.] Fall back.
TR. Don't touch the house. Bow down, like me.
TH. I pray you, why this fear?
TR. Theopropides,
Seven months have passed since any human foot
Entered this house. We left it then for good.
TH. Why? Speak!
TR. Look round and see that no one hears.
TH. All's safe.
TR. A frightful deed has here been done.
TH. What? I don't understand.
TR. I say again—
Crime, long ago, in ancient days of old!
TH. Of old?
TR. Just lately we discovered it.

TR. Eho, an tú tetigísti has aédis? TH. Cur non tángerem
Quin púltando, inquam, paéne confregí foris.
TR. Tetigístin? TH. Tétigi, inquam, ét pultaui. TR. Váh. TH. Quid est?
TR. Male hércle factum. TH. Quíd est negóti? TR. Nón potest
Dicí quam indignum fácinus fécisti ét malum.
TH. Quid iám? TR. Fuge óbsecro átque abscede ab aédibus:
Fuge húc, fuge ád me própius. tétigistín foris?
TH. Quo módo pultáre pótui, sí non tangerem?
TR. Occídisti hercle — TH. Quém mortalem? TR. omnís tuos.
TH. Di té deaeque ómnis fáxint cum istoc ómine —
TR. Metuó, te atque istos éxpiare ut póssies.
TH. Quam ob rem? aút quam subito rém mihi adportás nouam?
TR. Et, heús, iube illos íllinc ambo abscédere.
TH. Abscédite. TR. Aédes ne áttigatis. tángite
Vos quóque terram. TH. Obsecro hércle, causam díc metus.
TR. Quia séptem menses súnt, quom in hasce aedís pedem
Nemo íntro tétulit, sémel ut emigráuimus.
TH. Elóquere, quid ita? TR. Círcumspicedum, númquis est
Sermónem nostrum qui aúcupet? TH. Tutúm probest.
TR. Capitále scélus factúmst. TH. Quid est? nón intéllego.
TR. Scelus, ínquam, factumst iám diu antiquom ét uetus.
TH. Antíquom? TR. Id ádeo nós nunc factum inuénimus.

TH. What is the crime, and whose the hand? Say on.
TR. A man—no doubt the one from whom you bought
This mansion—took his guest and murdered him!
TH. Murder?
TR. And stole the gold his guest had saved,
And buried him—his guest!—deep down, within.
TH. What makes you think 'tis so?
TR. Hearken! I speak.
One night your son returned from dining out,
And soon we all retired and fell asleep;
When all at once (my lamp still burning bright),
I heard a piercing shriek.
TH. From whom? My son?
TR. Just listen, please, to me. While yet he slept,
The dead appeared to him—
TH. In sleep, you say?
TR. Yes, yes; but listen. Then the dead man's ghost,
He said, addressed him in these words—
TH. Asleep?
TR. Of course! Do you think a corpse of sixty years
Would wait for him to wake before he spoke?
At times you're very dense, Theopropides.
TH. I'm dumb.
TR. Then mark the tale he did unfold:
"I am a stranger, come across the sea,
And this is my abode; for here I dwell—
Since Orcus would not ope the gates of Hades—
Cut off from life too soon. The wretch I trusted
Murdered me here—my host!—and in this spot
Concealed my corse. He lusted for my gold.
The curse of crime is on this house. Depart!"
I scarce could tell you in a year the horrors
That happen here. But list! [*The door rattles.*
TH. Save us! What is it?
TR. [*Pointing.*] The door!
A VOICE. Did this man knock?
TH. My blood is freezing!

TH. Quid istúc est scéleris aút quis id fecít? cedo.
TR. Hospés necauit hóspitem captúm manu —
Iste,út ego opínor, qui hás tibi aedis uéndidit.
TH. Necáuit? TR. Aurumque éi ademit hóspiti
Eumque híc defodit hóspitem íbidem in aédibus.
TH. Quaprópter id uos fáctum suspicámini?
TR. Ego dícam: auscúlta. út foris cenáuerat
Tuos gnátus, postquam rediit a cená domum,
Abímus omnes cúbitum, condormíuimus.
Lucérnam forte oblítus fueram extínguere:
Atque ílle exclamat dérepente máxumum.
TH. Quis homo? án gnatús meus? TR. St′ tace: auscultá modo.
Ait uénisse illum in sómnis ad se mórtuom—
TH. Nempe érgo in somnis? TR. Íta, sed auscultá modo.
Ait íllum hoc pacto síbi dixisse mórtuom —
TH. In sómnis? TR. Mirum quín uigilánti díceret,
Qui abhínc sexaginta ánnis occisús foret.
Intérdum inepte stúltus es, Theópropides.
TH. Taceó. TR. Sed ecce, quae ílli in aurem díxerit.
'Ego tránsmarinus hóspes sum Diapóntius.
Hic hábito, haéc mihi déditast habitátio:
Nam me Ácheruntem récipere Orcus nóluit,
Quia praémature uíta careo. pér fidem
Decéptus sum: hóspes me híc necauit, ísque me
Defódit insepúltum clám in hisce aédibus,
Sceléstus, auri caúsa. nunc tu hinc émigra:
Scelestae haé sunt aedes, ímpiast habitátio'.
Quae hic mónstra fiunt, ánno uix possum éloqui.
St st.
TH. Quid óbsecro hercle fáctumst? TR. Concrepuít foris.
INTVS. Hicíne percussit? TH. Gúttam haud hábeo sánguinis:

The dead are calling me to come to them!

TR. [*Aside.*] I'm lost! I'm sure these fools will spoil the show!

I'm dreadfully afraid he'll catch me out.

TH. What are you muttering there?

TR. Back from that door!

Fly! Fly, I say!

TH. But where? You fly as well!

TR. I have no fears: the ghosts are friends of mine.

THE VOICE. Hi! Tranio!

TR. [*Turning to the house.*] If you're wise you'll hold your tongue.

I've done no harm. I never touched the door.

TH. To whom do you speak?

TR. What! Was it you who called?

The gods destroy me if I didn't think

The ghost was grumbling, thinking *I* had knocked.

Look here, why don't you move? Do what I tell you.

TH. Well?

TR. Veil your head, don't look behind, and run!

TH. Why don't *you* run?

TR. The ghosts are friends of mine.

TH. And yet your fears were great enough just now!

TR. Never mind *me*. I can secure myself.

[*Th. begins to run.*

Go on! keep running! Let me see you sprint!

And call on Hercules.

TH. Help, Hercules!

[*Exeunt Th. and slaves running.*

J. N.

[*Enter Misargyrides, the Money-lender.*]

MIS. In all my life I've never known a year

So lean in profit for a money-lender.

Viuóm me accersunt Ácheruntem mórtui.
TR. Perii: íllisce hódie hanc conturbabunt fábulam.
Nimis quám formido, né manufésto hic me ópprimat.
TH. Quid túte tecum lóquere? TR. Abscede ab iánua:
Fuge, óbsecro hercle. TH. Quó fugiam? etiam tú fuge.
TR. Nil égo formido: páx mihist cum mórtuis.
INTVS. Heus, Tranio. TR. Non me áppellabis, sí sapis.
Nil égo commerui, néque istas percussi fores.
TH. Quicum ístaec loquere? TR. An quaéso tu appelláueras?
Ita mé di amabunt, mórtuom illum crédidi
Expóstulare, quía percussissém fores.
Sed tu, etiamne astas néc quae dico optémperas?
TH. Quid fáciam? TR. Caue respéxis, fuge, operí caput.
TH. Cur nón fugis tu? TR. Páx mihist cum mórtuis.
TH. Scio: quid modo igitur? cur tanto opere extimueras?
TR. Nil mé curassis, inquam: ego mihi prouidero.
Tu ut óccepisti, tántum quantum quís fuge
Atque Hérculem inuoca. TH. Hércules, ted inuoco.

Scena IV.

[*Iambics.*]

DA. Sceléstiorem ego ánnum argento faénori
Numquam úllum uidi, quam hic mihi annus óptigit.

TR. Alas! by all the gods, I'm done for quite!
Here comes the usurer, who has advanced
The money to my master; with it he
Has bought and freed the slave-girl that he loves,
And feasted regally his chosen friends.
Now vain are all my tales unless I'm quick
To stop his speaking when the old man's near.
Here goes! [*He advances towards the money-lender. Enter Theop.*]
What's this? My master back so soon?
I fear that he has learned our goings-on.
I'll go and question him. Ugh! How I shake!
Where have you come from?
TH. I've just seen the man
Who was the former owner of my house.
TR. You did'nt speak of what I said to you?
TH. Yes, every word!
TR. [*Aside.*] For that more wretched I!
He told you then the truth about the ghost?
TH. Nay, he denied it. So, good Tranio, speak.
Give your advice on this.
TR. I give advice!
Well, please you get a judge to try the question.
But mind you find one who will take my word.
You'll win as easily as shelling peas.
[*Edges away towards MIS.*
MIS. There's Tranio, the slave of Philolaches!
A pretty pair of rogues who hold my money,
And neither pay it back nor give me interest.
TH. Where are you going, Tranio?
TR. To yon man.
[*Aside.*] I must be cursed from birth. I've had no luck.
Theopropides is here, yet speak I must.
I am the most unhappy wretch alive!
To right and left they fill me with despair!
Well, it must be. [*Advances towards MIS.*]

TR. Nunc pól ego perii pláne in perpetuóm modum.
Danísta adest, qui dédit ero árgentúm meo,
Qui amícast empta quóque conuiuás alit.
Manufésta res est, nísi quid occurró prius,
Ne hóc senex rescíscat. ibo huic óbuiam.
Sed quídnam hic sese tám citó recipít domum?
Metuó ne de hac re quíppiam índaudíuerit.
Accédam atque adpellábo. ei, quám timeó miser.
Vnde ís? TH. Conueni illum, únde hasce aedis émeram.
TR. Numquíd dixisti de íllo quod dixí tibi?
TH. Dixi hércle uéro ómnia. TR. Eí miseró mihi:
Etiám fatetur de hóspite? TH. Immo pérnegat.
Quid núnc faciundum cénses? TR. Egon quid cénseam?
Cape, óbsecro hercle, cúm eo úna iúdicem:
Sed eúm uideto ut cápias, qui credát mihi:
Tam fácile uinces, quám pirum uolpés comest.
DA. Sed Phílolachétis séruom eccum Tránium,
Qui míhi neque faénus néque sortem argentí danunt.
TH. Quo té agis? TR. Éccum quo ábeo. — né ego súm miser,
Sceléstus, natus deís inimicus ómnibus.
Iam illó praesente adíbit. ne égo homo súm miser:
Ita et hínc et illinc míhi exhibent negótium.
Sed óccupabo adíre. DA. Hic ád me it: sáluos sum:

MIS. [*Aside.*] All's well ; he comes my way.
My hopes revive.

TR. [*Aside.*] How pleased he looks! Poor man!
[*Aloud.*] Good-day, Misargyrides.

MIS..Good-day to you.
What news of my money?

TR. Ah! be off, you dog!
The instant that we meet you open fire.

MIS. This means an empty pocket.

TR. Shrewdly guessed.

MIS. Just stop this rubbish.

TR. Well, say what you want.

MIS. Where's Philolaches?

TR. I'm pleased to see you now.
Your visit couldn't be more nicely timed.

MIS. How so?

TR. [*Softly.*] Come closer.

MIS. [*Loudly.*] And my interest?

TR. I know you've healthy lungs. You needn't shout.

MIS. By Jove I will.

TR. Ah! do be ruled by me!

MIS. Well, what's your will?

TR. Go home at once, I beg you.

MIS. Go home?

TR. Yes, now. Return at twelve o'clock.

MIS. Come, pay my interest. What's this foolish talk?

TR. Great heavens! Why don't you go at once? D'you hear?

MIS. If I'm a nuisance give me back my money,
And then I'll go. Money will stop my mouth.

TR. Well, take your loan.

MIS. No! no! My interest first!

TR. What's that? Have you come here to stretch your lungs?
Most hateful of all wretches, do your worst!

Spes ést de argénto. TR. Hílarus est: frustrást homo.
Saluére iubeo té, Misárgyridés, bene.
DA. Saluéto. quid de argéntost? TR. Abi sis, bélua:
Contínuo aduéniens pílum iniecistí mihi.
DA. Certe híc homo inánis ést. TR. Hic homóst certe háriolus.
DA. Quin tu ístas mittas trícas? TR. Quín quid uís, cedo.
DA. Vbi Phílolachés est? TR. Númquam potuistí mihi
Magis ópportunus áduenire quam áduenis.
DA. Quid ést? TR. Concéde huc. DA. Ecquid faenus rédditur?
TR. Scio té bona esse uóce: ne clamá nimis.
DA. Ego hércle uero clámo. TR. Ah, gére morém míhi.
DA. Quid tíbi ego mórem uís geram? TR. Abi quaeso hínc domum.
DA. Abeám? TR. Redito huc círciter merídiem.
DA. Quin uós mihi faenus dáte. quid híc nugámini?
TR. Heu! hércle, nunc tu — abí modo: auscultá mihi.
DA. Moléstus si sum, rédditе árgentum: ábiero.
Respónsiones ómnes hoc uerbo éripis.
TR. Sortem áccipe. DA. Immo faénus, id primúm uolo.
TR. Quid áis, tu hóminum ómnium taetérrume?
Venísti huc te extentátum? agás quod ín manust.

MIS. [*Shouting.*] My interest! My interest! My interest!

[*Tranio falls back and the Money-lender follows him, shouting.*]

Give me my interest upon the spot!
My interest!

TR. Interest here, and interest there!
His wretched interest's all he understands.
He is in truth the vilest beast I've seen!

TH. [*Coming forward.*] Tell me, what is this interest he seeks?

TR. [*Aside to MIS.*] See, there's his father just returned from travel.
You'll get from him your loan and interest too.
Don't make yourself a nuisance. Cease to plague us.
He won't be backward.

MIS. What he gives I'll take.

TH. [*To Tranio.*] See here!

TR. Your will?

TH. [*Pointing to MIS.*] Who's that? What seeks he here?
Why does he call for Philolaches, and why
Brawls he with you? What sum is owing to him?

TR. He's a beast. I pray you, pitch some money at him.

TH. What, I?

TR. Yes, you. Just pelt his face with money.

MIS. If the blows are golden I will risk a bruise.

TR. You hear him? Tell me, isn't he by nature
The pattern of a money-lending rogue?

TH. What money's this?

TR. In brief, your son *does* owe him
A little.

TH. How much?

TR. Say a hundred pounds.
Not much you'll own.

DA. Cedo faénus, redde faénus, faenus réddite.
Datúrin estis faénus actutúm mihi?
Datúr faenús mihi? TR. Faénus illic, faénus hic.
Nescít quidem nisi faénus fabulárier
Vnóse: néque ego taétriorem béluam
Vidísse me umquam quémquam quam te cénseo.
TH. Quod illúc est faenus, ópsecró, quod illíc petit?
TR. Pater éccum aduenit péregre non multó prius
Illíus: ís tibi et faénus et sortém dabit:
Ne incónciliáre quíd nos porro póstules.
Vide núm moratur. DA. Quín feram, siquíd datur.
TH. Quid aís tu? TR. Quíd uis? TH. Quís illic ést? quid illíc petit?
Quid Phílolachétem gnátum compellát meum
Sic ét praesenti tíbi facit conuícium?
Quid illí debetur? TR. Obsecro hercle, tú iube
Obícere argéntum ob ós inpurae béluae.
TH. Iubeám —? TR. Iube hómini argénto os uerberárier.
DA. Perfácile ego íctus pérpetíor argénteos.
TR. Audín? uidetur, óbsecro hercle, idóneus,
Danísta qui sit, génus quod ínprobíssumumst?
TH. Quod illúc argentumst? TR. Est — huic debet Phílolaches
Paulúm. TH. Quantillum? TR. Quási quadragintá minas.

.TH. Oh no! The merest trifle!
But then I understand there's interest too.

TR. In all, we owe a hundred pounds and ten.
That's loan and interest.

MIS. Yes; I ask no more.

TR. I'd like to hear you ask a farthing more!
[*To Theop.*] Promise to pay. Get rid of him.

TH. *I* promise?

TR. Yes! yes!

TH. What? I?

TR. Yes, you! Obey me, quick!
Promise, I say; I bid you!

TH. Answer me.
Where has the money gone?

TR. It's safe.

TH. If so,
Pay him yourselves.

TR. Your son has bought a house.

TH. A house!

TR. A house.

TH. Well done my Philolaches!
How like his father! Already fond of business!

TR. For since this place was such as you have heard,
Straightway he went and bought another house.

TH. A house!

TR. A house. And guess what kind of house!

TH. How can I know?

TR. Ah!

TH. Well?

TR. Nay, don't ask me.

TH. Come, come!

TR. It's splendid—gorgeousness itself!

TH. Well done! Well done! But tell me, what's the
price?

TR. Two hundred each from you and me would pay it.
And as a pledge we paid a hundred down.

Ne sáne id multum cénseas. TH. Paulum íd quidemst?
Adeo étiam argénti faénus creditum aúdio.
TR. Quattúor quadraginta ílli debentúr minae.
Et sórs et faenus. DA. Tántumst: nilo plús peto.
TR. Velím quidem hércle ut úno nummo plús petas.
Dic té daturum, ut ábeat. TH. Égon dicám dare?
TR. Dic. TH. Égone? TR. Tu ípsus. díc modo: auscultá mihi.
Promítte, age ínquam: ego iúbeo. TH. Réspondé mihi:
Quid eóst argento fáctum? TR. Saluomst. TH. Sóluite
Vosmét igitúr, si sáluomst. TR. Aedis fílius
Tuos émit. TH. Aedis? TR. Aédis. TH. Euge, Phílolaches
Patríssat: iám homo in mércatura uórtitur.
TR. Nam póstquam haec aedis íta erant út dixí tibi,
Contínuost álias aédis mercatús sibi.
TH. Ain tu aedis? TR. Aedis ínquam. sed scin quoíusmodi?
TH. Qui scíre possum? TR. Váh. TH. Quid ést? TR. Ne mé roga.
TH. Nam quíd ita? TR. Spéculocláras, candorém merum.
TH. Bene hércle factum. quíd, eas quánti déstinat?
TR. Taléntis magnis tótidem quót ego tú sumus.
Sed árraboni has dédit quadragintá minas.

TH. Well done! Well done!

MIS. [*Coming forward.*] I say! It's nearly twelve!

TR. Dismiss this brute before he proves our death.

TH. [*To MIS.*] My friend, henceforth your dealings are with *me*.

MIS. Then I'll apply to you.

TH. Yes. Come to-morrow.

MIS. Content! I'm off. To-morrow suits me well. [*Exit.*

TH. Where is this house that Philolaches has bought?

TR. [*Aside.*] Alas! I'm done for!

TH. Aren't you going to answer?

TR. Yes, but—I can't recall the owner's name.

TH. Come, think!

TR. I've got it! It's the man next door
Who sold your son his house.

TH. Is it all right?

TR. Oh yes! All right—if you are going to pay.
But if you're not, then, I'm afraid, all wrong.
Is not the house well placed?

TH. Extremely well.
I must see over it. Knock at the door,
Tranio, and get someone to come outside.

TR. Checkmate once more! Now I can see no move.
The game is up!

TH. Call someone out at once,
To show us round.

TR. But, sir, there are some ladies.
First we must ask if they consent or not.

TH. That's well and rightly said. Go first and ask.
While you're within I'll wait for you out here. [*Exit.*

TR. Ye gods and all ye powers that dwell in heaven
Confound this man who ever foils my schemes!

[*Simo appears at the door of his house.*

What luck! Here comes the master of this house.
'Tis Simo. First I'll have a word with him.

H. L. C.

TH. Bene hércle factum. DA. Heus, iam ádpetit merídies.
TR. Absólue hunc quaeso, uómitu ne híc nos énecet.
TH. Aduléscens, mecum rém habe. DA. Némpe aps té petam.
TH. Petitó cras. DA. Ábeo: sát habeó, si crás fero.
TH. Qua in régione ístas aédis emit fílius?
TR. Ecce aútem perii. TH. Dícisne hoc quod té rogo?
TR. Dicám: sed nomen dómini quaero quíd siet.
TH. Age, cómminiscere. TR. Á uicino hoc próxumo
Tuos émit aedis fílius. TH. Bonán fide?
TR. Siquidém tu argentum rédditeru's, túm bona.
Si rédditurus nón es, non emít bona.
Non ín loco emit pérbono? TH. Immo in óptumo.
Cupio hércle inspícere hasce aédis. pultadúm fores
Atque éuoca áliquem íntus ad te, Tránio.
TR. Ecce aútem perii. núnc quid dicam néscio.
Manufésto téneor. TH. Euocádum aliquem ócius,
Roga círcumducat. TR. Heús tu, at híc sunt múlieres:
Vidéndumst primum, utrum eaé uelintne an nón uelint.
TH. Bonum aéquomque oras. í, percontare ét roga:
Ego híc tantisper, dum éxis, te opperiár foris.

ACTUS III.

Scena I.

(Iambics, cretics, and trochaics.)

TR. Di té, deaeque omnis fúnditus perdánt, senex:
Itá mea consilia úndique oppugnás male.
Eugae óptume éccum aédium dominús foras
Simó progreditur íntus. iam uirum ádloquar.

TR. I'll board him. Blessings on you, worthy Simo!
SI. My greetings, Tranio. TR. How's your health?
SI. 'Tis fair:
What would you? TR. Wring an honest hand.
SI. My thanks
For praise so friendly. TR. Well deserved, I trow.
SI. Sirrah, but you're an ill-deserving slave.
A dainty life you lead here, by my faith,
With wine and victuals, fish from every sea,
All of the best. TR. Nay, there was once a life:
But now we're scanted of the common pittance.
SI. How so? TR. We're utterly undone, good Simo.
SI. Out on you! Up to this you've had the best
Of all good fortune. TR. True, sir, I admit
We've lived a merry life just to our taste:
But, Simo, now the breeze has failed our ship—
SI. What's chanced? TR. The worst. SI. Your ship that stood but now
So safely dock'd? TR. Oh! oh! SI. Well? TR. Help, I'm lost!
SI. How? TR. Comes a ship to shatter our ship's hull.
SI. Tranio, my heart's with you: but what's ado?
TR. My master's back from Egypt. I beseech you,
Don't tell him Simo. SI. Fear not: I'll be dumb.
TR. Hail, patron! SI. Truce! such followers I shun.
TR. Now, mark you, our old master sent me here—
SI. First tell me this, and nothing hide from me:
Has your old master scented what's afoot?
TR. Never a whit. SI. Or chidden his young son?
TR. All's fair as fairest sky on summer day.
But now he's bidden me to crave your leave
That you will let him view this house of yours.
SI. It's not for sale. TR. I know it: but my lord
In his own home would build a lady's bower,
And thereto alleys, baths, and colonnade.

Accedám. — dí te amént plúrumúm, Simó.
SI. Sáluos sís, Tránió. TR. Vt ualés. SI. Nón malé.
Quíd agis? TR. Hóminem óptumúm téneo. SI. Amícé facís,
Quóm me láudás. TR. Decét cérte. SI. Quín mehércle té
Haú bonúm téneo séruom.
Músice hércle ágitis aétátem ita út uós decét:
Víno et uíctú, piscátú probo éléctilí
Vítam núnc cólitis. TR. Immó uita ántehác erát:
Núnc nobís ómnia haéc éxciderunt. [Simó.
SI. Quídum? TR. Itást: óppido óccídimus ómnés,
SI. Nón tacés? prósperé uóbis cúncta úsque adhúc
Prócessérúnt. TR. Ita út dícis fácta haú negó
Nós proféctó probe út uóluimús uíximús:
Séd, Simo, íta nunc uéntus nauem nóstram deseruít — SI. Quid est?
Quó modó? TR. Péssumó. SI. Quaéne súbdúcta erát
Túto in térra? TR. Eí. SI. Quid ést? TR. Mé miserúm: óccidí.
SI. Quí? TR. Quia uénit náuis, nostrae náui quae frangát ratem.
SI. Velim, út tu uelles, Tranio. sed quíd negoti est? TR. Eloquar:
Erus péregre uenit. nunc per genua te óbsecro,
Ne indícium ero faciás meo. SI. E me, néquid metuas, níl sciet.
TR. Patróne, salue. SI. Níl morór mihi istíusmodí cliéntis.
TR. Nunc hóc, quod ad te nóster me misít senex —
SI. Hoc míhi responde prímum, quod ego té rogo:
Iam de ístis rebus uóster quid sensít senex?
TR. Nil quícquam. SI. Numquid íncrepitauit fílium?
TR. Tam líquidust quám liquida ésse tempestás solet.
Nunc te hóc orare iússit opere máxumo,
Vt síbi licéret ínspicere hasce aedís tuas. [senex
SI. Non súnt uenales. TR. Scío equidem ístuc: séd
Gynaéceum aedificáre uolt hic ín suis
Et bálineás et ámbulacrum et pórticum.

SI. Why, what's he dreaming of? TR. I'll tell you true:
To mate his son in wedlock he's all haste,
And therefore would he build another bower.
Some master-builder's praised, he says, this house
For its design, as topping all perfection.
Hence would he seek a pattern, by your leave;
And all the more he's bent on imitation,
Because in summer 'neath the cloudless ray
Here's coolest shade, he's heard, the livelong day.
SI. Nay, marry, wheresoever shade there be,
From morn to eve we've still a blazing sun
Stands ever at the door like debtor's dun.
No shade with us, save in the well, perchance.
TR. Yet he would view it. SI. Let him, if he will.
If aught he finds to suit him, he may build
After our pattern. TR. Shall I call him? SI. Do.

W. J. G.

TR. Men laud the deeds wrought by Agathocles
And Alexander. Now their peer is found.
Unaided have I done a deathless feat.
These old men both I've saddled with my tales.
A splendid trade this is that I've invented.
Your muleteer has mules to carry loads,
But I've got two-legged asses in my service.
They've got broad backs; no load too great for *them*!

[*Enter Theopropides.*]

Well, I'd better tackle master. That's the game.
Theopropides! I say!
TH. Who calls my name?
TR. Your most faithful loving slave.
TH. And whence come *you*?
TR. I've performed the task you laid on me to do.
TH. Tell me, sirrah: what's the cause of your delay?
TR. Why, your neighbour was engaged. I had to stay.

SI. Quid iám consomniáuit? TR. Ego dicám tibi:
Dare uólt uxorem fílio quantúm potest:
Ad eám rem fácere uólt nouom gynaéceum.
Nam síbi laudauisse hásce ait árchitéctonem
Nescíoquem exaédificátas insanúm bene.
Nunc hínc exemplum cápere uolt, nisi tú neuis.
Nam ille eó maiore hinc ópere síbi exemplúm petit,
Quia isti úmbram audiuit ésse aestate pérbonam
Sub súdo cólumine úsque perpetuóm diem.
SI. Immo édepol uéro quom úsque quaque umbrást, tamen
Sol sémper hic est úsque a máni ad uésperum.
Quasi flágitator ástat usque ad óstium,
Nec mi úmbra hic úsquamst, nísi si in púteo quaépiamst.
TR. At támen inspícere uólt. SI. Inspíciat, sí lubet.
Siquíd erit quód illi pláceat, dé exempló meo
Ipse aédificato. TR. Eón, uoco húc hominem? SI. I, uoca.
TR. Alexándrum magnum atque Agathoclem aíunt máxumas
Duo rés gessisse: quíd mihi fíet tértio,
Qui sólus fácio fácinora inmortália?
Vehit híc clitellas, uéhit hic autem altér senex.
Nouícium mihi quaéstum institui nón malum:
Nam múliones múlos clitellários
Habént, at égo habeo hómines clitellários.
Magní sunt óneris: quícquid imponás, uehunt.

Scena II.

[*Bacchiacs and trochaics.*]

TR. Nunc húnc hauscio án conloquar. congredíbor.
Heus, Théopropidés. TH. Hem, quis híc nóminát me?
TR. Eró seruos múltimodis suó fidus. TH. Vnde is?
TR. Quod mé miserás, adfero ómne impetrátum.
TH. Quid illíc, opsecró, tam diú destitísti?
TR. Sení non erát otium: íd sum opperítus.

TH. I can see you're still the same old dawdling dunce.

TR. Well, I can't be here and there, sir, both at once.

TH. What's his answer?

TR. View the house as you desire.

TH. You must guide me.

TR. So I will.

TH. Then let's go nigher.

TR. There's old Simo waiting for us at the door.
This transaction he's beginning to deplore.

TH. Does he really?

TR. He has asked me to persuade
My young master to annul the bargain made.

TH. No! We can't afford to pity other folk.
Were the case the other way, he'd see the joke.

G. N.

TR. Right! I mark you. There's old Simo. [*Going to Simo.*] See, I've brought my master, sir.

SI. I'm delighted, Theopropides, that you're safe at home again.

TH. Heaven reward you!

SI. Tranio tells me that you wish to view this house.

TH. But I fear I shall disturb you.

SI. Not at all. Walk in at once.

TH. But the ladies?

SI. Don't you worry; there's no lady you need fear.
Wander through the house at pleasure just as if it were your own.

TH. "Just as if"!

TR. [*Aside to TH.*] Oh! don't remind him in his present wretchedness
That you've bought the house. Look at him! There's a picture of despair!

TH. Yes, I see.

TH. Antíquom optinés hoc tuóm, tardus út sis.

TR. Ego híc esse et íllic potúi hau simítu.

TH. Quid núnc? TR. Vise, spécta tuo úsque arbitrátu.

TH. Age dúc me. TR. Num móror? TH. Subsequór te.

TR. Senéx ipsus te ánte ostium éccum opperítur.
Sed út maestus ést se aedis hás uendidísse.

TH. Quid tándem? TR. Orat út suadeám Philolachéti,
Vt ístas remíttat sibí. TH. Haud opínor.
Sibí quisque rúri metít. si male émptae
Forént, nobis ístas redhibére haud licéret.

TR. Dó tibi ego óperam: sénex illíc est. ém, tibi ádduxi uirum.

SI. Sáluom te aduenísse péregre gaúdeo, Theópropides.

TH. Dí te ament. SI. Inspícere te aedis hás uelle aiebát mihi.

TH. Nísi tibist incómmodum. SI. Immo cómmodum. i íntro atque ínspice.

TH. At enim múlierés — SI. Caue tu úllam flócci faxis múlierem.
Quálubet perámbula aedis óppido tamquám tuas.

TH. 'Támquam'? TR. Ah, cáue tu ílli obiectes múnc in aegritúdine
Te hás emisse. nón tu uídes hunc uóltu trísti ut est senéx?

TR. Well, don't appear to feel delight. Restrain your joy.
Not a word about the purchase!
TH. Right! I understand your mind.
Your advice is wise and seemly. What a tender heart you've got!
[*To Simo.*] Well, sir!
SI. Please to go inside and at your leisure view the place.
TH. This is kind and courteous in you.
SI. So I wish to show myself.
TR. See the vestibule and garden-pathways! What d'you think of them?
TH. On my word, extremely handsome!
TR. And the doorposts! Take a look!
Aren't they wonderfully massive? See how firm and strong they are!
TH. In my life I've ne'er seen nobler.
SI. Yes, by Jove, I paid for them
Years ago a price as noble.
TR. [*Aside to TH.*] How pathetic! 'Years ago'!
Look, his eyes with tears are swimming!
TH. How much did you pay for them?
SI. For that pair I gave twelve guineas, and the cost of freight besides.
TR. [*To TH.*] You're content?
TH. The more I see them, I'm delighted more and more.
TR. See that picture of two vultures cheated by a single crow?
TH. No, I cannot.
TR. Oh, but *I* can. There's a vulture at each side,
And the crow is in the middle, giving them a peck by turns.
Turn and look in my direction, if you want to see the crow.
Now do you see it?

TH. Vídeo. TR. Ergo inridére ne uideáre et gestire ádmodum:
Nóli facere méntionem te hás emisse. TH. Intéllego:
Et bene monitum dúco atque esse exístumo humani íngeni.
Quíd nunc? SI. Quín tu is íntro atque otióse perspecta, út lubet.
TH. Béne benígneque árbitror te fácere. SI. Fáctum edepól uolo.
TR. Víden uestíbulum ante aédis hoc et ámbulácrum, quoíusmodi?
TH. Lúculentum edepól profécto. TR. Age spécta postes, quoíusmodi,
Quánta firmitáte facti et quánta crassitúdine.
TH. Nón uideor uidísse postis pulcriores. SI. Pol mihi
Eó pretio empti fuérant olim. TR. Aúdin 'fúerant' dícere?
Víx uidetur cóntinere lácrimas. TH. Quánti hosce émeras?
SI. Trís minas pro istís duobus praéter uecturám dedi.
TR. Sátin habes? TH. Vt quícquid mágis contémplor, tanto mágis placet.
TR. Víden pictum, úbi ludíficat úna córnix uólturiós duos?
TH. Nón edepól uideo. TR. At ego uídeo: nam ínter uolturiós duos
Córnix astat: éa uoltúrios duó uicíssim uéllicat.
Quaéso huc ad me spécta, cornicem út conspícere póssies.

TH. Not a feather! I can see no crow near you.
TR. Well then, if the crow escapes you, turn to Simo and yourself.
Now, perhaps, you see the vultures?
TH. No; to set your mind at rest,
Nowhere can I see a picture of a vulture or a crow.
TR. Well, we'll drop it. I excuse you; you are growing old and blind.
TH. What I *can* see charms me hugely.
SI. You will find it worth your while
If you go and view more widely.
TH. I will take such good advice.
SI. [*Calling inside the house.*] Ho there! Lad, conduct my neighbour through the apartments of the house.
I myself would show you over, but I've business at the mart.
TH. Nay, conduct me no conductors! I can't stand conducted tours.
I would rather lose my bearings than be led from place to place.
SI. To the house!
TH. I'll go inside then unconducted.
SI. As you please.
TH. [*To Tranio.*] You come with me.
TR. Yes, I'll follow. I won't let you out of sight.
E. W.

[*Enter Theopropides and Tranio.*]

TH. Do I like the house, you ask me. Like it? It's a paradise.
TR. Colonnade and women's quarters? What of them?
TH. Extremely fine.
No one in the street, I fancy, boasts a larger colonnade.
TR. Why, your son and I together measured every single one.

Iám uides? TH. Profécto núllam equidem íllic cornicem íntuor.
TR. At tu ísto ad uos óptuere, quóniam cornicém nequis
Cónspicari, sí uolturios fórte possis cóntui.
TH. Omnino, ut te absóluam, nullam píctam cónspicio híc auem.
TR. Age, iam mítto: ignósco: aetáte nón quis optuérier.
TH. Haéc quae possum, ea míhi profecto cúncta uéhementér placent.
SI. Látius démumst óperae prétium iuísse. TH. Recte edepól mones.
SI. Eho, istum, púere, círcumdúce hasce aédis et concláuia.
Nam égomet ductarém, nisi mi ésset ápud forúm negótium.
TH. Ápage istum a me pérductorem: níl moror ductarier.
Quícquid est, errábo pótius, quám perductet quíspiam.
SI. Aédis dico. TH. Ergo íntro eo ígitur síne perductore. SI. Ilicet.
TH. Séquere hac me ígitur. TR. Equidem haud úsquam a pédibus apscedám tuis.

ACTUS IV.

Scena i.

[*Trochaics.*]

TH. Ecquid placeant, mé rogas? immo hércle uero pérplacent.
TR. Quoíusmodi gynaéceum? quid pórticum? TH. Insanúm bonam.
Nón equidem úllam in público esse máiorem hac exístumo.
TR. Quín ego ípse et Phílolaches in público omnis pórticus

TH. Well, and what's the upshot?

TR. This one's far the longest of them all.

TH. Then you've made a fine investment. Such a bargain ne'er I saw.

TR. Mine the plan; I urged him to it. You can take your oath of that!

I suggested his applying to that moneylender rogue.

Hence came Simo's first instalment.

TH. Guardian angel that you are!

Simo then still wants three hundred?

TR. Quite so; not a farthing more.

TH. Then to-day he shall receive them.

TR. Do so, and he can't back out.

Better still, give *me* the money—I can hand it on to him.

TH. If I do, who knows what mischief you'll be up to with the cash?

TR. Can you think I'd dare to cheat you, even in pretence or jest?

TH. Can you think I'd dare to trust you? I shall see to this myself.

TR. Master, have I e'er deceived you, since you bought your Tranio?

TH. No, but don't claim credit for it. 'Twas my caution spoiled your game.

I'll be wise enough, I fancy, if I'm 'ware of *you*.

TR. You're right.

TH. To the farm and tell Philolaches I've come home.

TR. I'll go at once.

TH. Bid him use all speed and hasten back to town with you.

TR. I will.

[*Exit Theopropides.*

Now to seek my boon-companions, through the postern in the lane,

Here the coast is clear, I'll tell them, now the old man's moved away. [*Exit.*

G. N.

Súmus comménsi. TH. Quíd igitúr? TR. Longe ómnium longíssúmast.
TH. Béne res nostra cónlocatast ístoc mercimónio.
TR. Mé suasore atque ínpulsore id fáctum audacter dícito,
Quí subegi faénore argentum áb danista ut súmeret
Quód isti dédimus árraboni. TH. Séruauisti omném ratem.
Némpe octogintá debentur huíc minae? TR. Haú nummo ámplius.
TH. Hódie accípiat. TR. Ita enim uéro: néqua causa súbsiet.
Vél mihi dénumeráto: ego illi pórro dénumeráuero.
TH. At enim néquid cáptionis míhi sit, sí dederím tibi.
TR. Égone té ioculó modo aúsim dícto aut facto fállere?
TH. Égone aps te aúsim nón cauere, néquid committám tibi?
TR. Quía tibi umquam quícquam, postquam tuós sum, uerborúm dedi?
TH. Égo enim cáui récte—eam ámbis grátiam?—átque animó meo
Sát sapió, si aps té modo úno cáueo. TR. Tecum séntio.
TH. Núnc abi rús: dic me áduenisse fílió. TR. Faciam út iubes.
TH. Cúrriculó iube in úrbem uéniat iám simul tecúm. TR. Licet.
Núnc ego me íllac pér postícum ad cóngerrones cónferam:
Dícam ut hinc res sínt quietae atque húnc ut hinc amóuerim.

[*Enter Phaniscus and Pinacium. They approach the house of Theopropides, stare at the door, push it, and listen at the keyhole.*]

PH. Here no sound of guests carousing as they did an hour ago,
Here no sound of damsels singing comes upon my waiting ears.

[*Enter Theopropides.*

TH. What's the bother now? What seek these prying knaves from out my house?
Why this peeping through the keyhole?
PI. On the door I'll knock at once.
[*He knocks.*
Hi! The door! Why don't you open, Tranio?
TH. What farce is this?

PI. Won't you open? Callidamates 'tis that we have come to fetch.

[*They beat and kick the door.*

TH. Hi there! What d'ye think you're doing, battering on that door, my lads?

PH. Softly there, old man, and keep your questions for your own concerns.

TH. Is not this my own concern, then?
PH. No, it's not, unless perchance
You've been made a city prefect, with instructions to observe
Other people's private doings, plying tongue and eye and ear.

TH. That's my house you see before you.
PH. What's that? Has young Philolaches
Sold his house? Or is this fellow telling lies? An old man, too!

TH. Truth I tell. But what's your business here?
PH. You may as well learn that.
Here our master's at a drinking-party.
TH. At a party here?

PH. Híc quidem neque cónuiuarum sónitust, ítem ut antehác fuit,
Néque tibícinám cantantem néque aliúm quemquam aúdio.
TH. Quaé illaec rés est? quíd illisce hómines quaérunt ápud aedís meas?
Quíd uolunt? quid íntrospectant? PI. Pérgam pultare óstium.
Heús, reclúde: heus, Tránio, étiamne áperis? TH. Quae haec est fábula?
PI. Étiamne áperis? Cállidámati nóstro aduórsum uénimus.
TH. Heús uos, púeri, quíd istic ágitis? quíd istas aédis frángitis?
PH. Heús senex, quid tú percóntare, ád te quae nil áttinent?
TH. Níl ad me attinét? PH. Nisi fórte fáctu's praefectús nouos:
Quí res álienás procures, quaéras, uídeas, aúdias.
TH. Meaé sunt ístae aedís, ubi státis. PH. Quíd ais? án iam uéndidit
Aédis Philolachés? aut quídem iste nós defrustratúr senex.
TH. Véra dico: séd quid uobis ést negoti hic? PH. Elóquar:
Érus hic noster pótat. TH. Érus hic uóster potat?

PH. So I said.

TH. Your jest is somewhat thin.

PH. And him we've come to fetch.

TH. Whom?

PH. Our master. Would you like to hear me say it all once more?

TH. Here, my honest fellow, no one lives, I tell you once again.

PI. Certainly this old man's mad.

PH. You're wrong, old sir, and very wrong.
For unless he moved to-day, perhaps last night, I'm quite convinced
Here he lives still.

TH. Six long months have gone since man dwelt in this place.

PI. Rubbish!

TH. What?

PI. You're dreaming.

TH. Do be quiet, please; to him I speak.
No one lives here.

PH. You're mistaken. In this house e'en yesterday
Could be heard the sound of riot. Since his father went abroad
Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, every day the wine has flowed.

TH. What's that?

PH. Junketings and drinking fill the place without respite.

TH. Who on earth was doing all this?

PH. Philolaches.

TH. But which one, pray?

PH. He whose father's Theopropides, I believe.

TH. If in this thing
Truth he speaks I am undone! But I will further question him.
So this Philolaches, you tell me, in that house is wont to drink
With your master?

PH. Ita loquor.
TH. Púere, nímium délicatu's. PH. Ei aduorsum uénimus.
TH. Quoí hominí? PH. Ero nóstro. quaeso, quótiens dicendúmst tibi?
TH. Púere, némo hic hábitat: nám te esse árbitror puerúm probum.
PI. Sénex hic élleborósust certe. PH. Erras peruorsé, pater:
Nám nisi hínc hodie émigrauit aút heri, certó scio
Híc habitáre. TH. Quín sex mensis iam híc nemo hábitat. PI. Sómnias.
TH. Égone? PI. Tú. TH. Tu né molestu's: síne me cum pueró loqui.
Némo habitát. PH. Habitát profecto: nám heri et núdius tértius,
Quártus, quintus, séxtus usque, póstquam hinc péregre eiiús pater
Abiit, numquam hic tríduom únum désitumst potárier.
TH. Quíd ais? PH. Tríduom únumst haud intérmissum hic esse ét bibi,
TH. Óbsecro, quis haéc faciébat? PH. Phílolaches. TH. Qui Phílolaches?
PH. Quoí patrem Theópropidem esse opínor. TH. Eí mihi, óccidi,
Si haéc hic uera mémorat. pergam pórro percontárier.
Aín tu istic potáre sólitum Phílolachem ístum, quísquis est,

PH. Yes, that house there.

TH. Lad, you're dafter than you look.

See, perhaps you turned in somewhere to refresh your inner man,

There you drank, no doubt, and just a thimbleful too much.

PH. What's this?

TH. Speaking plainly, know your business; don't come to the wrong address.

PH. I know well where I should go to, and I know which house this is.

Philolaches lives here, his father's name's Theopropides, and he,

While his father stayed in Egypt, bought and freed a female slave.

TH. Philolaches did this, you tell me?

PH. Yes; Philematium she's called.

TH. What's the price?

PH. A hundred.

TH. Thousand?

PH. Bless your innocence! Pounds I mean.

TH. Freed her, say you?

PH. Freed her, say I; and the price a hundred pounds.

PI. [*Through the keyhole.*] Won't you open?

PH. What's the good of knocking when there's no one there?

I'll go bail he's gone elsewhere carousing. Let's go off ourselves.

TH. Lad!

PH. And further question we will make. Attend on me.

PI. I come.

TH. Are you off, lad?

Cúm ero uóstro? PH. Hic, ínquam. TH. Púere, praéter spéciem stúltus es.
Víde sis, né forte ád merendam quópiam deuórteris
Atque ibi ampliuscule quam sát fuerít biberís. PH. Quid est?
TH. Ita dicó: ne ad álias aedis pérperam deuéneris.
PH. Scío qua me íre opórtet et quo uénerim nouí locum.
Phílolaches hic hábitat, quoíius ést pater Theópropides:
Quí, postquam pater ád mercatum hinc ábiit, hic tibícinam
Líberauit. TH. Phílolachésne ergo? PH. Ita: Philématiúm quidem.
TH. Quánti? PH. Trigintá—TH. Talentis PH. μὰ τὸν Ἀπόλλω, séd minis.
TH. Líberauit? PH. Líberauit uálide, trigintá minis.
PI. Heús uos, ecquis áperit? PH. Quid istas púltas, ubi nemo íntus est?
Alio credo cómisatum abísse: abeámus núnciam—
TH. Púere,—PH. atque pórro quaeritémus. séquere hac mé. PI. Sequor.

PH. Liberty's a cloak for *your* back; as for me,
If I do not serve and fear my master, covering none have I.

[*Exeunt PH. and PI.*

S. E. J.

TH. By heavens, I am undone! What need of words?
I've seen not only Egypt, it appears,
But e'en to desert lands and shores remote
My voyage has reached; so little do I know
Where now I stray. Ah! now the truth I'll learn,

[*Enter Simo.*

For here's the man whose house my son has bought.
[*To Simo.*] What do you?

SI. From the mart I'm going home.

TH. Aught new from there?

SI. Aye, sir.

TH. Let's hear it, pray.

SI. I've seen a funeral.

TH. Great news, i' faith!

SI. I say I've seen a funeral. They said,
He'd lately been alive.

TH. A truce to jests.

SI. Wherefore thus idly do you seek for news?

TH. I come from distant shores. Lend me your ear,
If nothing else your presence claims.

SI. Say on.

TH. Methinks you have received a hundred pounds
From my son's hand.

SI. Methinks not one poor cent.

TH. Well then, from Tranio.

SI. Still less from *him*!

TH. Not as part payment of the sum?

SI. You dream.

TH. I dream? 'Tis you, who hope, by this pretence,
To cancel what he paid.

SI. Why, what's all this?

TH. Púere, iamne abís? PH. Libertas paénulast tergó tuo:
Míhi, nisi út erum métuam et cúrem, níl est qui tergúm tegam.

Scena II.

[*Iambics.*]

TH. Perii hércle. quíd opust uérbis? ut uerba aúdio,
Non équidem in Aegyptum hínc modo uectús fui,
Sed étiam in terras sólas orasque últumas
Sum círcumuectus: íta ubi núnc sim néscio.
Verúm iam scibo: nam éccum unde aedis fílius
Meus émit. quíd agis tu? SI. A foro incedó domum.
TH. Numquíd hodie processit ád forum noui?
SI. Etiám. TH. Quid tandem? SI. Vídi efferri mórtuom. TH. Hem,
Nouom. SI. Vnum uidi mórtuom efferrí foras:
Modo eúm uixisse aiébant. TH. Vae capití tuo.
SI. Quid tu ótiosus rés nouas requíritas?
TH. Quia hódie aduéni péregre. séd nisi quíd magis
Es óccupátus, óperam míhi da. SI. Máxume.
TH. Minás quadraginta áccepisti, quód sciam.
A Phílolachéte? SI. Númquam nummum, quód sciam.
TH. Quid, a Tránione séruo? Si. Id multó minus.
TH. Quas árraboni tíbi dedit? SI. Quid sómnias?
TH. Egone? át quidém tu, qui ístoc speras té modo
Potésse díssimulándo infectum hoc réddere.

TH. Ere I returned, with you he made a bargain.

SI. A bargain made with me, ere you returned?
Nay, when?

TH. I owe to you three hundred pounds.

SI. Nay, not to me. But if you do, pay up.
Fair play's a jewel. Don't you dare back out.

TH. The debt, I own, is mine. The sum I'll pay.
Don't *you* deny you've had a hundred pounds.

SI. I pray you, look me in the face, and say
What man it was gave me the sum you name.
What mean you? Do you call me thief?

TH. My son
Paid it as earnest-money for the house.

SI. You say your son has bought my house from me?

TH. Why, yes, good sir, for so the matter stands,
Says Tranio, who led me through your house
Of late—as well you know, for you were here,
And gave permission, which you'll not deny.

SI. 'Tis true I let him show you through the place.

TH. But why should I have cared to view your house,
Had I not bought the place, before, from you?

SI. He said that you had found your son a wife,
For whom you wished to build a suite of rooms.

TH. Oh, woe is me! I have no heart for words.
Oh, friend, I am undone!

SI. Has Tranio
Been at his tricks?

TH. He's tricked me to my ruin.
A laughing-stock he's made of you and me.
I pray you, help me and join hands with me!

SI. In what?

TH. Come with me, pray.

SI. Why, so I will.

TH. Grant me your slaves' assistance and some whips.

S. Quid aútem? TH. Quod me apsénte hic tecum fílius
Negóti gessit. SI. Mécum ut ille hic gésserit,
Dum tu hínc abes, negóti? quidnam? aut quó die?
TH. Minás tibi octogínta argenti débeo.
SI. Non míhi quidem hercle: uérum si debés, cedo.
Fidés seruandast: ne íre infítias póstules.
TH. Profécto non negábo debere, ét dabo:
Tu cáue quadraginta áccepisse hinc té neges.
SI. Quaeso édepol huc me aspécta et respondé mihi:
Quis ístas unquam dédit mihi argentí minas?
Furémne insimulas ésse me? TH. Ego dicám tibi.
Tanto árrabone emísse noster débeat
De te aédis. SI. Itane? dé me ille aedis émerit?
PH. Aió; quia sic se habére rem narrát mihi
Qui té praesente núper, ut nosti satis,
Me illás per aedes dúctitabat Tránio.
Tu eí permisisti ípse, ne mihi núnc neges.
SI. Verumst, permisi ut tíbi gynaeceúm meum
Exhíbeat. TH. An ego, nísi mihi ante emptaé forent
Aedés curauissem aút gynaeceúm tuom?
SI. Te uélle uxorem aiébat tuo nató dare:
Ideo aédificare hoc uélle aiebat ín tuis.
TH. Hic aédificare uólui? SI. Sic dixít mihi.
TH. Ei míhi, dispérii: uócis non habeó satis.
Vicíne, perii intérii. SI. Númquid Tránio
Turbáuit? TH. Immo ille éxturbauit ómnia.
Te lúdificatust et mé hodie indignís modis.
Nunc te óbsecro, út me béne iuues operámque des.
SI. Quid uís? TH. I mécum, óbsecró, uná simul.
SI. Fiát. TH. Seruorumque óperam et lóra míhi cedo.

SI. They are at your service.

TH. Meanwhile, I'll explain
The plot he's used to hoodwink me to-day.

[*Exeunt.* A. G.

[*Enter Tranio.*]

TR. He who shrinks in time of peril really isn't worth a straw.
When my master first despatched me out of town to fetch his son,
Off I went along the alley to our garden on the sly,
Then I opened wide the postern, opened wide the garden-gate,
Out of that I led my legion, all my man- and woman-kind.

[*Simo's door rattles.*

What's the meaning of the rattling, close beside me, all too close?
Yes, my master's there for certain, I must sample his remarks.

[*He hides. Enter from Simo's house Theopropides and two slaves, the latter with handcuffs and whips. The slaves remain at the door, while Th. comes forward.*]

TH. Stand you there within the doorway, so that, when you hear my voice,
You may bustle out directly, quickly put the handcuffs on.
Him, who made me look so foolish, I'll await before the house,
Him, whose hide will look most foolish, if I live another day.

TR. [*Aside.*] Yes, it's clear enough; now, Tranio, you must settle what to do.

TH. I must do some skilful angling, when he comes upon the scene.
I'll pretend I know just nothing.

TR. [*Aside.*] Oh! What deadly dodginess!

SI. Sume á me. TH. Eádemque ópera haec tibi narráuero,
Quis med exemplis hódie elúdificátus est.

Scena III.

[*Trochaics.*]

TR. Quí homo tímidus érit in rébus dúbiis, nauci nón erit:
Nám erus mé postquám rus misit fílium út suom arcésserem,
Abii illá per ángiportum ad hórtum nostrum clánculum.
Ostiúm quod in ángipórtost hórti, patefecí fores,
Eáque eduxi omném legiónem, ét maris et féminam.
Séd quid hoc ést quod fóris concrépuit próxuma uicínia?
Érus meús hic quidémst: gustáre ego éius sermoném uolo.
TH. Ilico intra límen isti astáte, ut, quom extempló uocem,
Cóntinuo exsiliátis: mánicas céleriter conéctite.
Ego, illum ante aédis praéstolábor lúdificatorém meum,
Quoíus ego hódie lúdificabor córium, si uiuó, probe.
TR. Rés palamst: nunc té uidere méliust, quíd agas, Tránio.
TH. Dócte atque ástu míhi captándumst cúm illo, ubi húc aduénerit.
Díssimulábo me hórum quicquam scíre. TR. O mortalém malum:

He's the smartest man in Athens; nobody can name his like.
You can't swindle *him*, don't think it; sooner from a stone draw blood!

[*He comes forward.*

TH. That's right, Tranio, what's been done?
TR. The countrymen are up in town.
Philolaches 'll be here directly.
TH. You come in the nick of time.
Our friend here's, in my opinion, nothing but a bold bad man.
TR. Why?
TH. He says he can't remember ever having had from you—
TR. Can't remember?
TH. Not a sixpence.
TR. Go along, you're fooling me.
Certainly he *must*.
TH. Your meaning?
TR. Yes, I know; it's just your joke.
TH. No, he says he can't remember, and, what's more, he didn't sell
Philolaches this house.
TR. Can't he remember *that*?
TH. He says he'll put
All his slaves to torture for me.
TR. Rubbish! That he'll never do.
TH. Anyhow, he makes the offer.
TR. Let me meet him in the courts.
Philolaches told me his father from abroad had come back home;
TH. No, I think I'll first try *his* way. Yes, I will.
TR. Leave him to me;
Bid him else demand the freehold.
TH. No; my first step must be this:
I must take his slaves for torture.
TR. [*Edging towards the altar.*] That, I think, you ought to do.

Alter hoc Athénis nemo dóctior dicí potest.
Vérba illi non mágis dare hódie quísquam quam lapidí potest.
TH. Eúge, Tranió. quid ágitur? TR. Véniunt rure rústici:
Phílolachés iam hic áderit. TH. Edepol tú mi oppórtune áduenis.
Nóstrum ego hunc uicínum opinor ésse hominem aúdacem ét malum.
TR. Quídum? TH. Quía negát nouisse uós—TR. Negát? TH. Nec uós sibi
Núminum umquam árgentí dedísse. TR. Abi, lúdis me: credo haúd negat.
TH. Quíd iam? TR. Scío, iocáris nunc tu: nam ille quidem, credo haúd negat.
TH. Immo edepól negát profecto, néque se hasce aedis Phílolachi
Véndidisse. TR. Eho án negauit? TH. Séruos pollicitúst dare
Suós mihi ómnis quaéstioni. TR. Núgas: numquam edepól dabit.
TH. Dát profecto. TR. Quín cita illum in iús, ibo ádueniám. TH. Mane.
Experiár, ut opínor. Certumst. TR. Immo mihí hominém cedo.
Vél hominem aédis iúbe mancípio póscere. TH. Hoc primúm uolo,
Quaéstioni accípere séruos. TR. Fáciundum édepol cénseo.

TH. Well, suppose I go and fetch them?

TR. Ought to have been done before. Meanwhile I will seize this altar.

[*Seats himself on it.*

TH. Why so?

TR. Can't you understand? Lest your candidates for torture make a rush for sanctuary.

Here in front of you I'll seat me, lest the inquiry come to grief.

TH. Up you get.

TR. I won't.

TH. I beg you, don't sit on the altar.

TR. Why?

TH. I particularly want them to escape to sanctuary. Then the court will find it easier to compel him to refund.

TR. Why on earth add toil to trouble? Why not aim straight at the mark?

You don't realise what perils lurk within a court of law.

TH. Up you get then. Ah! there's something—will you give me your advice?

TR. Yes, from here; excuse my sitting—sitting makes me sensible.

Then again, the soundest counsels ever spring from holiest haunts.

TH. Death and furies!

TR. What's the matter?

TH. You have cheated me!

TR. How so?

TH. Cleaned me out completely.

TR. Quite so; surely you're not shedding tears?

TH. Villain! Round that altar shortly fire and faggots shall be heaped!

TH. Quíd si igitúr ego áccersam hómines? TR. Fáctum iam ésse opórtuit.
Interim ego hánc aram óccupabo. TH. Quíd ita? TR. Nullam rém sapis:
Né enim illi húc confúgere possint quaéstioni quós dabit.
Híc egó tibi praésidebo, ne ínterbitat quaéstio.
TH. Súrge. TR. Mínume. TH. Ne óccupassis, óbsecro, áram. TR. Cúr? TH. Scies:
Quía enim id máxumé uolo, ut ílli ístoc confugiánt. sine:
Tánto apud iúdicem húnc argenti cóndemnabo fácilius.
TR. Quód agas, íd agas: quíd tu porro sérere uís negótium?
Néscis quam metúculosa rés sit ire ad iúdicem.
TH. Súrgedum húc igitúr: consúlere quíddamst quod tecúm uolo.
TR. Síc tamen hínc consílium dédero: nímio plus sapió sedens.
Túm consília fírmiora súnt de diuinís locis.
TH. Périi. TR. Quíd tibíst? TH. Dedísti uérba. TR. Qui tandém? TH. Probe
Méd emúnxti. TR. Víde sis, sátine récte: núm iam lácrimas?
TH. Iám iubebo ignem et sármenta, cárnifex, circúmdari.

TR. No; I'm usually considered far more savoury boiled than roast.

TH. I will make you an example!

TR. Yes, I *am* a model slave.

But, I see, your son's companion, Callidamates, comes this way.

Let us call him in as witness of our further interview.

[*Enter Callidamates.*

CA. When I'd buried all my slumber and had slept my headache off,

How at once on his arrival Tranio had bamboozled him;

Said he really couldn't venture now into his father's sight.

I'm the solitary spokesman of the confraternity;

I'm to make terms with his father. Here he comes, conveniently.

How d' you do? I'm glad to see you safe and sound from foreign parts.

You must dine with us to-night here; please say yes, Theopropides.

TH. Callidamates, heaven befriend you; but I must decline with thanks.

CA. Why not come?

TR. Accept, sir; I'll go for you, if you'd rather not.

TH. Scoundrel, mocking me?

TR. Because I say I'll go instead of you?

TH. You shan't go; I'll see you carried to the gallows you deserve!

CA. Settle that another time. Come with me.

TR. Say you'll go; why not?

CA. Why have you run there to the altar, clumsiest of clumsy clowns?

TR. He came; I was panic-stricken. [*To Theopropides.*] Tell us now what I have done.

Now, mark you, we've got an umpire. Come now, on with the dispute.

TR. Né faxís: nam elíxus esse quam ássus sóleo suáuior.

TH. Exempla édepol fáciam ego ín te. TE. Quía placeo, éxemplum éxpetis.
Séd eccum tuí gnatí sodálem uídeo huc núnc incédere,
Cállidámatem: illó praesente mécum agitó, siquíd uoles.

CA. Vbi ego sómnum sépeliui ómnem atque édormíui crápulam,
Phílolachés uenísse dixit míhi suóm peregre húc patrem,
Quóque módo hominem áduениéntem séruos lúdificátus sit.
Aít se métuere ín conspectum suí patris procédere.
Núnc ego dé sodálitate sólus sum oratór datus,
Qui á patre éius cónciliárem pácem. átque eccum óptume.
Iúbeo te saluére, et sáluos quom áduenis, Theópropides,
Péregre, gaúdeo. híc apúd nos hódie cenes: síc face.

TH. Cállidámates, dí te ament: de céna fácio grátiam.

CA. Quín uenís? TR. Promítte: ego íbo pró te, sí tibi nón lubet.

TH. Vérbero, étiam inrídes? TR. Quían me pró te ire ád cenam aútumo?

TH. Nón enim íbis: égo feráre fáxo, ut méruisti, ín crucem.

CA. Áge mitte ísta: age ád me ad cénam. TR. Díc uenturum: quíd taces?

CA. Séd tu, istúc quid cónfugisti in áram hanc inscitíssumus?

TR. Adueniens pertérruit me. elóquere nunc quid fécerim.
Núnc utrisque dísceptator éccum adést: age dísputa.

TH. You have been my son's corrupter!
TR. Listen. He's done wrong, I grant,
First he gave his friend her freedom in your absence; and for that
Borrowed money (now all squandered); he's committed nothing worse
Than the normal indiscretions of the aristocracy.

TH. I must be on guard against you; you're too shrewd an orator.

CA. Stay a moment; hear my story. Listen.
TH. Very well, go on.

CA. First of all I'm your son's comrade (this you know); he comes to me.
He's ashamed to face his father, now you know what he has done.
Pardon him his youthful folly, I entreat you; he's your own.
Well you know that youth must frolic, always has, and always will.
I abetted all his actions, and the fault is mine alone.
Principal and usance, all the purchase-money for the slave,
I'll repay: the loss I'll answer with my credit, not with yours.

TH. Advocate could ne'er assail me more convincingly than you.
So I will forego my anger, overlooking his offence.
Nay, myself I'll bid him marry her he loves, for I have learned
That she is a modest maiden, and a free Athenian born.

TH. Fílium corrúpisse aio té meum. TR. Auscultá modo.
Fáteor peccauísse, amicam líberasse absénte te,
Faénori argentúm sumpsisse: id ésse absumptum praédico.
Númquid áliud fécit nísi quod súmmis gnáti géneribus?
TH. Hércle mihi tecúm cauéndumst, nímis qui's oratór catus.
CA. Táce parúmper: síne uicíssim mé loqui. auscultá. TH. Licet.
CA. Omnium primúm sodalem mé esse scis gnató tuo.
Ís adit mé: nam illúm prodíre púdet in cónspectúm tuom
Própter ea quae fécit, quom te scíre scit. nunc te óbsecro,
Stúltitiae ádulescéntiaeque éius ignoscás: tuost.
Scís solere illánc aetatem táli ludo lúdere.
Quícquid fecit, nóbiscum una fécit: nos delíquimus.
Faénus, sortem súmptumque omnem, quí amica emptast, ómnia
Nós dabimús, nos cónferemus, nóstro sumptu, nón tuo.
TH. Nón potuít ueníre orator mágis ad me ínpetrábilis
Quám tu: néque illi iám sum irátus néque quicquam suscénseo.
Immo eám me auctóre uxórem dúcat, quándo ego cómperi,
Et modésto nátam ingénio, cíuem et ésse illam Atticam.*

* This line has been interpolated, and the preceding line altered, so as to provide an ending to the story parallel to that of the *Rudens* and other plays of Plautus. The mutilated and almost entirely abridged condition in which this scene has come down to us makes it difficult to be sure how much of the actual text is Plautus' own handiwork; and the sympathetic picture of Philematium in Act II. makes one desire, if not expect, as respectful treatment for her at the end as for any other of his slave-heroines. These considerations will, it is hoped, be counted as some excuse for the departure from the existing text. R.S.C.

He is punished to the full, if for his waste he feels ashamed.

CA. Yes, he's full of shame.

TR. Ah! *He* gets easily let off—but I?

TH. You'll be thrashed to death, you mudlark!

TR. Even though I'm full of shame?

TH. As I hope to live, I'll slay you.

CA. Let your mercy reach to all.

I will intercede for Tranio; let him off this once, I beg!

TR. Why object? As if to-morrow I shall not do something else!

Then, you see, for both offences you can punish me at once.

CA. Let me beg him off!

TH. [*To Tranio.*] Be off, then! Thank him, you have every cause.

TR. [*Jumping down from the altar.*] Gentles all, our play is ended; now we wait for your applause.

A. C. B. B.

CURTAIN.

Si hóc pudet, fecísse sumptum, súpplicí habeó satis.
CA. Dispudet. TR. Post istam uéniam, quid me fiét núnciam?
TH. Vérberibus, lutúm, caedére péndens.
TR. Támen etsí pudet?
TH. Interimam hércle ego té si uíuo, CA. Fác istam cúnctam grátiam:
Tránioni amítte, quaeso, hanc nóxiam causá mea.
TR. Quíd grauaris? quási non cras iam cómmeream áliam nóxiam:
Ibidem utrúmque, et hóc et illud, póteris ulciscí probe.
CA. Síne te exórem. TH. Age ábi, abi impúne. em, huíc habéto grátiam.
TR. Spéctatores, fábula haec est ácta: uos plausúm date.

hearing.

COMEDY OF PLAUTUS PLEASES AUDIENCE

Mostellaria Given Clever Presentation by Players' Guild.

Mail & Empire 29.10.29

Nicely chiselled wit makes Plautus' "Mostellaria," or "The Haunted House," a delight to hear. This wit did not lose in effect when the comedy was given last night by the Players' guild under the direction of E. A. Dale, professor of Latin at Toronto university, in the University Women's union. All the world is lenient to the "cut-up" and Tranio, the leading character, is a prince of "cut-ups." Moreover, he is heavily endowed with a sense of humor.

Whenever the weight of his indiscretions is about to fall on his head he wriggles skilfully out from under. With a taste for mischief that will not be suppressed he sets one person against another and then draws back and chuckles. "Mostellaria" centres about such antics and the result is pure comedy which does not allow a dull moment.

The presentation offered by the Players' guild is good. They manage to get and retain the sparkle and the work done by B. R. English in the role of the wag, Tranio, deserves special mention. He has a real flare for comedy. All the players put zest into their roles, and while there were a few hesitancies and minor imperfections, this zest more than made up for these discrepancies.

F. W. Burton and L. Golden, as the old men who furnished the targets for Tranio's misdeeds, gave the desired impression of gullibility. Their heavy air of sagacity made the situations all the more nonsensical.

Able support was given the main players by C. R. Dealfield, L. A. Mackay, Miss [redacted]n and Miss Miller

Greening

ND 4-3-66